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NEW SERIES OF THE CHRISTIAN UNION

EDITORIAL:

The Korean War 205
Conviction of Carnot's Assassin... 205
Sugar and the Tariff 206
The Anti-Lottery Bill 206
State Elections and Conventions.. 206
George Inness 207
Health and Locality 208
Preachers' Pay 208
A Veteran Statesman (Senator Morrill) 209
"Strikes and their Remedies".. 210
Two Perplexed Mothers 210
Books of Refreshment 211
The Summer's Opportunity (Home) 220

CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES:

Jack and the Giant in Korea.... 212
By William Elliot Griffis
The Anti-Lottery Bill 237
The Destruction of the Poor..... 213
By Arthur R. Kimball
A Deacon's Solution 214
By Herbert W. Boyd
A Matter of Predestination..... 216
A Story by Mrs. M. M. Williams
Chinese Homes 220
By Laura B. Starr
A Good Time 222
By Emily H. Miller
The Vine-Fairy 224
By Mary F Butts

THE RELIGIOUS WORLD:

Burden-Bearing 225
A Sermon by Lyman Abbott
The Oxford Summer School..... 227
The Northfield School, etc., etc... 228

BOOKS AND AUTHORS:

St. Francis of Assisi (Sabatier).. 229
Sacerdotalism (W. J. Knox Little) 230
The Sphere of the State (F. S. Hoffman), etc., etc 230

Justin S. Morrill
United States Senator from Vermont

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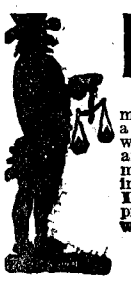

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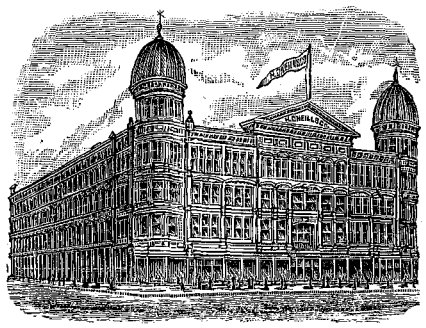

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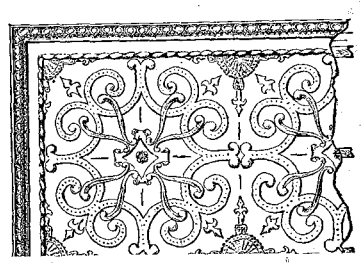

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Volume 50 For Week ending 11 August, 1894 Number 6

ON Tuesday of last week Japan finally declared war against China. The next day Kuang Hsü issued a manifesto accepting the war and ordering his Viceroys "to root out these pestilential Japanese from their lairs." It now appears that while China was displaying an apparent willingness to listen to the friendly counsels of the Powers, she was sending troops into Korea without notifying Japan, and was gaining time for other war preparations. Under these circumstances Japan withdrew the proposals of settlement made at the suggestion of the Powers. As to the undoubted fighting at a place called in the reports Yashan, but which does not appear on the maps, we learn from Tokio that the Chinese were beaten and lost five hundred men; from Shanghai, that the Japanese were routed with a loss of two thousand men. Dispatches of later events are equally conflicting: one asserts that the Chinese war-ship, the Ting Yuen (the sister ship of the Chen Yuen recently damaged), had rammed and sunk a Japanese war-ship in Prince Jerome Gulf; another, that three Chinese vessels had been captured by the Japanese. What we really do know now is the truth in connection with the Kow Shing affair. Not until after the engagement was it known that the Kow Shing pretended to be a British vessel. The Japanese Minister at London has therefore tendered a formal apology on behalf of his Government. The affidavit of the English Captain Galsworthy seems to deny the Japanese "barbarities" reported by the London papers. Furthermore, it must be remembered that, no matter if the Kow Shing were flying the British flag, she was none the less a Chinese transport in a belligerent service, and as such not entitled to protection from Great Britain. The English Admiralty has ordered Admiral Fremantle, commanding the British squadron, to approach Chinese and Japanese ports to watch the progress of operations. Coincidently with this comes the interesting news that the Russian Asiatic fleet has left Vladivostok for the south on its "annual summer cruise." In view of the danger threatening our merchants and missionaries, Minister Dun at Tokio requests that our fleet be increased.

❀

So far the Korean war has been one of quality against quantity, forty million clever Japanese against four hundred million slower Chinese. The army methods of the two countries have within the past fortnight been effectively contrasted. The military organization of Japan has shown some of the discipline received from a careful study of the armies of Europe, while from that of China there have been desertions, with consequent executions; and a promise has been made to give double pay during the war with Japan. If Europe has taught the army, America has tutored the Japanese navy, for no less than six officers in that service are Annapolis graduates, and one of them is now Rear-Admiral. The superior handling by the Japanese officers is already apparent. Though natives nominally hold the commanding positions, the Chinese ships are really officered largely by foreigners, who have done much to better that navy. Chinese leaders are traditionally slow, except in the matter of beheadings. Even the greatest of all the Viceroys, Li Hung Chang, seems to be no exception, though he has had enough energy to introduce most of the commercial and educational civilization which China possesses. Nevertheless, the Emperor is angered and has stripped his Premier of the Yellow Jacket, the highest Chinese decoration. Those other nation-makers, Bismarck and Stambuloff, might sympathize with the septuagenarian statesman who must needs obey an even more immature master than those of Germany and Bulgaria. The "Son of Heaven" conveniently forgets that his own dynasty was saved when Li Hung Chang crushed the Taiping rebellion, and that this Manchu dynasty ever stands in peril from the full-blooded Ming Chinese, of whom Li Hung Chang is the foremost representative. The Ming Chinese are not likely to lose sight of the fact that they have been supplanted by the Manchus, who have been in power for two hundred and fifty years, and who have made their tongue the official language of the Empire. The Viceroy, however, continues to direct the Chinese war preparations; nor does it appear that he has been relieved from responsibility. As to the effect of the war upon the European Powers, the question of a joint occupation by them of the treaty ports has been much discussed during the past week, and it is believed that our own Government has been strongly urged to unite in this action. It seems to be generally accepted, however, that such intervention on our part would be foreign to a policy of non-entangling alliances.

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The assassin of President Carnot was last week quickly tried, justly convicted, and properly sentenced to death. The trial brought out little that was new. Caserio showed the utmost assurance in his replies to the judge; he made no attempt to deny his guilt, but earnestly protested against the theory of a conspiracy of which he was the tool, declaring repeatedly that Anarchists retained their individuality and would not allow themselves to be chosen by lot as the instruments of others' vengeance. Caserio was allowed to read a statement of his beliefs as an Anarchist, but under the new law the press was forbidden to publish it. It is described as illogical and inconsequent, and as chiefly occupied with a recapitulation of the sufferings and hardships of the poor, without any serious attempt to show that Anarchism would or could furnish relief. The defense of the accused was carried on in a half-hearted way, Caserio's counsel remarking that, as dean of the bar, he was bound by oath to defend even the worst of criminals if they could not obtain other counsel. The attempt to show moral irresponsibility was quite futile, and made no impression on the jury; the prisoner's own

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testimony showed that his was a perverted and not an insane mind. The conviction and sentence meet with universal approval outside the ranks of the vicious and desperate band—they cannot be called a party—of Caserio's associates.

❀

Apparently the Senate and House conferees have come to an agreement respecting the sugar schedule. The arrangement now reported is that on raw sugar a forty per cent. tax shall be levied, and on refined sugar the tax shall be forty per cent. of the value of the raw sugar contained, and one-fifth of a cent a pound additional. This would give to the manufacturers of sugar a protection of about six per cent. upon the value of their product. Inasmuch as the labor bill in the manufacture of sugar is but two per cent. of the value of the product (while it is nearer twenty per cent. in most manufactures), a six per cent. protection is not justified by even the demands of the Republican platform, which asked for only such protection as would offset the difference in wages here and abroad. The fact that a trust is the recipient of the protection makes the proposed duty still more antagonistic to the demands of all platforms. Nevertheless, the Democratic conferees claim with much justice that they must either concede the Sugar Trust the six per cent. protection insisted upon by Senators Gorman, Smith, and others, or else fail to pass any bill, and thereby continue the fifteen per cent. protection to the Sugar Trust given by the McKinley Act. As respects coal and iron, the Senate and House conferees are apparently as far apart as ever. As we go to press, a caucus of the Democrats in the House is in session.

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The Senate Committee investigating the sugar scandals unanimously reports that, according to the evidence submitted, no member of the Senate has speculated in sugar during the pendency of the Tariff Bill except Messrs. Quay and McPherson, and, further, that both of these Senators closed out their holdings before voting upon the measure. They find, however, that "one or more of the officers of the so-called Trust have been in Washington constantly during the progress of the Tariff Bill in the Senate," holding consultations with various Senators, and they "deprecate" the importunity and pressure to which Congress and its members are subjected by great industrial combinations. Senators Lodge and Davis submit a supplemental report calling attention to the fact that the present form of the sugar schedule was that desired by the representatives of the Trust, and that the Trust had contributed to the campaign funds of both parties—a proceeding essentially corrupt, whose only possible object was "to establish an obligation to the giver on the part of whichever party comes into power." It is to be feared that these inadequate and unsatisfactory reports will conclude the whole matter, and that the cases against the witnesses refusing to testify will be dropped. The statistics concerning the production and consumption of sugar which we print in another column graphically show the importance of the "sugar question" to the people of the United States.

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In another column a special correspondent states succinctly the present position of the Anti-Lottery Bill in the House. That the bill should be opposed by Mr. Boatner, of Louisiana, was a foregone conclusion. During the great campaign in his own State Mr. Boatner, while an avowed "anti-Lottery man," was the ablest supporter of the pro-Lottery nominee for Governor, and was characterized by the "New Delta" as one who "opposed the Lottery, but hoped to heaven that no one else did." Mr. Bailey, of Texas, is a man of ability and unquestioned sincerity, but also a doctrinaire advocate of States' rights. It was Mr. Bailey who was quoted a few weeks ago as declaring that were he the Governor of Illinois he would call out the militia and drive the Federal troops into Lake Michigan. Judge Culberson's opposition to the Hoar bill is a disappointment, especially as he supported the passage of the present law to exclude lottery matter from the mails. Nevertheless, the favor of fourteen members of the Judiciary Committee and the active support of Mr. Broderick, of Kansas, Mr. De Armond, of Missouri, and Mr. Terry, of Arkansas, count for much more than the States' rights opposition of the two members from Texas. The fact that so few Southern Democrats opposed the Washburn and Hatch bills to restrict inter-State gambling in options is evidence that the strict-constructionist objections to the Hoar bill will not weigh heavily with the House as a whole. The only danger is that the bill will be crowded to one side. The favor of the Committee on Rules, consisting of Speaker Crisp, of Georgia, and Messrs. Catchings, of Mississippi, Outhwaite, of Ohio, Reed, of Maine, and Burrows, of Michigan, is now exceptionally important to the passage of the bill, and their constituents are especially requested to urge the desirability of immediate action. Fortunately, the twenty-odd bogus lottery companies of Kansas City, Missouri, are not, at this juncture, like the great lottery company, conducting their business quietly through established agencies, but are sending out circulars broadcast to unknown people in all ranks of society, and so are creating in the West a strong public sentiment in support of the Hoar bill. Mr. Broderick, in whose charge the bill has been placed, is heartily supporting it, and the bill's prospects are better than they have been before.

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The Democratic Conventions held last week in Iowa, Florida, and Georgia heartily indorsed President Cleveland's attitude upon the tariff question, and avoided any explicit condemnation of his attitude upon the silver question. Even the Georgia Convention, which manifested the greatest antagonism toward the President, expressed an "abiding faith" in his "courage, wisdom, honesty, and patriotism." Its currency plank demanded only such legislation as would "secure the free and unlimited coinage of gold and silver upon a parity." It failed to specify whether or not the present ratio should be maintained. The Iowa Convention, which likewise demanded the free coinage of silver, intimated that the ratio should be changed before free coinage was permitted. Such platforms really promise no more coinage of silver than that upon which Mr. Cleveland was elected, for this likewise demanded the coinage of both gold and silver "without discrimination or charge for mintage." It amounts to much the same thing in practice whether a convention opposes the free coinage of silver or demands its free coinage at some uncertain ratio which certainly cannot be agreed upon.

❀

In the election of judges of the Supreme Court in Tennessee last week the Democratic ticket was very nearly defeated by the combined forces of the Republicans, Populists, and Prohibitionists. In the Presidential election of 1892 the combined votes of these three parties was nearly equal to the vote for Mr. Cleveland, but it was not thought that a fusion ticket made up of four Republicans, one Populist, and no Prohibitionist could hold anything like

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the entire strength of each of these elements. Apparently, however, the defections from these minority parties fell short of the unprecedented stay-at-home vote of disaffected Democrats. In the Alabama election on Monday of this week there was, according to the face of the returns, no stay-at-home vote, even among the negroes. The campaign had been extremely bitter, and the dispatches state that "the Black Belt has sent up its usual overwhelming Democratic majority." In the gubernatorial election of 1892 eight counties in this district returned a Democratic majority of 25,000, though the entire white vote in those counties was but 12,000. Evidently, therefore, the negroes who did not vote in person voted by proxy. In the late campaign the election frauds of 1892 were the chief theme of the Kolb speakers, and Captain Kolb dared his opponent to demand for each party minority representa tives in all returning boards. The Democrats claimed that there had been frauds on both sides in 1892, and based this year's campaign chiefly upon the charge that Captain Kolb's campaign fund had been swelled by contributions from the Boston Home Market Club, a Republican organization. The truth of this charge Captain Kolb admitted. As we go to press, the Democrats claim the State by a majority of 15,000, but this majority comes so largely from the Black Belt that the opposition, which even in 1892 carried a majority of the counties, may this year control a majority of the Legislature. In that event, the Jeffersonian Democrats and the Populists wlil not only elect a United States Senator, but will count in their nominee for Governor.

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The business situation makes it clearer each week that bimetallists have never exaggerated the depression certain to result from the complete demonetization of silver. The New York Factory Inspector, in his annual report, brings out the fact that during the early months of 1893, when the currency supply was more than usually adequate, nearly all the mills and factories of the State were running at full time, and many had given notice to his department of their purpose to run overtime in order to dispose of accumulating orders. Before the middle of the year, however, a change took place, and since that time things have gone from bad to worse, until thousands of mills and workshops are wholly or partially closed. The Factory Inspector naturally attributes the change exclusively to the stringency in the money market. It was just before the middle of last year that Europe's excessive demand for gold began to lower our currency supply, and the closing of the Indian mints to silver raised the value of gold throughout the world. It was just a year ago this week that President Cleveland sent his message to Congress calling for the repeal of the Sherman Act in order to stop the drain of gold to Europe. Up to that time the drain of gold last year had been $58,000,000. This year, with the Sherman Act repealed, the drain of gold has risen to $72,000,000. During the last few months the supply of currency has fallen by almost the entire amount of our gold exports, and the value of money—following economic law—has increased in proportion as its supply has diminished. The reason of it all is that the new supply of gold is grossly inadequate to meet the world's expanding demand for currency. When American factories are generally reopened—and this can hardly come until the workmen have submitted to further reductions of wages—the United States will doubtless export less gold, but our increased demand for it will only intensify its appreciation throughout the world.

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It is safe to say that the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America never held so triumphant a convention as that at St. Paul, Minn., last week. Early in its sessions Father O'Brien, of Ohio, upon referring to Bishop Watterson's "declaration of independence," called for three cheers for Monsignor Satolli and the Ohio Bishop. "Every man in the Convention," says the dispatch, "arose and cheered." A little later, Archbishop Ireland, after speaking of the Pope's indorsement of the Total Abstinence Union, continued: "America has set her face against the saloon, the den of corrupt politics, and any Church which will not come out for temperance is an excrescence upon the soil." The day following, with but one dissenting vote, the following declaration was enthusiastically adopted:

"The Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America, assembled in its twenty-fourth general Convention, . . . sees in the recent action of Bishop Watterson, which has been so nobly sustained by Monsignor Satolli, a long step in the right direction.

"It believes that this action will crystallize the influence of the Church against the saloon, and will stamp this latter indelibly as the irreclaimable enemy of the Church.

"We urge all Catholics to banish liquor from their homes and from their social and political clubs. Let Catholic banquets be made remarkable by the absence of all alcoholic drinks; let saloon-keepers be excluded from membership in all societies of Catholics; give no support to Catholic papers which allow liquor-dealers to advertise in their columns.

"Let every faithful son of the Holy Mother Church do his utmost to make the name of Catholic stand unmistakably for total abstinence."

From Rome Cardinal Rampollo sent these greetings: "The Holy Father blesses your Convention with his whole heart;" and from Washington came this message:

"My cardinal blessing upon the Convention. I pray that the best fruits follow from it. The Total Abstinence Society is the guardian of the homes of America. They who strive for the mastery restrain themselves from all intoxicating drinks—they, and they who receive the incorruptible crown. For religion and country,

"FRANCIS SATOLLI, Delegate Apostolic."

The readers of this paper will remember how, in the anti-lottery campaign in Louisiana, the stirring letter of Cardinal Gibbons turned threatened defeat into victory. In the National temperance campaign the decision of Monsignor Satolli promises results as great if not as immediate. Henceforward the sense of Church loyalty among all Catholics is enlisted against the saloon.

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In the death of George Inness, America loses one whom many consider her greatest landscape-painter. Few artists have been more sturdily self-reliant. It was characteristic of Inness's independence that but one month in the studio of Regis Gignoux was all the regular instruction he ever received. He drew and sketched and painted; he lived at Newark, in Italy, at Boston, at Englewood, in the metropolis, again in Italy, and finally at Montclair, but at every period and in every place he was self-taught. His pictures, therefore, were absolutely uninfluenced by those of other landscape artists, even though such artists were a Diaz and a Corot. When we consider his later work, often called "impressionist," it seems strange to think that Inness made himself first known by his marvelous attention to detail. If we put his early pictures alongside his last efforts, the two show as distinct phases of art-career as may be imagined. In the early pictures every leaf and blade stands out with an almost

George Inness

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Dutch fidelity; in his last picture exhibited in New York City, that of a meadow in the Catskill region, the grass, trees, and sky seem picturesque vagaries rather than living realities. Yet, despite the lack of care for technicalities in this later period, there was in it, as in his earliest efforts, that wonderful, innate appreciation of atmospheric effects which impressed every one and led to the phrase, "a breath of Inness." Subjective, uneven, an original and startling mixer of pigments, daring even to the melodramatic, Inness's work has called forth more comment than that of any other of our landscape-painters, and its qualities were only accentuated alongside the achievements of Wyant, Tryon, Shurtleff, and Francis Murphy. Taking them all in all, however, Inness's pictures are thoroughly and feelingly characteristic of our landscape art, and it is no wonder that his "American Sunset" was selected as a representative work from this country for the Paris Exposition of 1867. Indeed, the peculiarly American character of the artist's work makes his death in a foreign land the more pathetic. George Inness was born at Newburg, N. Y., in 1825; in 1853 he became an Associate and in 1868 a Member of the National Academy of Design. All through his life he struggled against great physical odds. His success, therefore, is doubly significant in view of the disadvantages under which he labored.

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We are glad to observe that the question of the distribution of health, as well as that of the distribution of wealth, is attracting attention from our magazines. American studies have not yet gone far in this direction, but the papers by Dr. Billings in the "Forum" make it clear that in this country, as abroad, the death-rate is highest where the people are poorest. This is most sharply brought out by the greater death-rate among the colored people. In Philadelphia, says Dr. Billings, the death-rate for the whole population is but 21 per thousand, while among the colored people it is 31. In the Southern cities, where the records of the two classes are always kept separately, the contrast is still more marked, and corresponds with the greater poverty of Southern negroes. In Charleston the death-rate of the white people is 21 per thousand and that of the negroes 50. These figures, however, do not prove conclusively that poverty is the most fruitful cause of death, for we do not know how much the race element may affect the returns. Dr. Billings has therefore added to the store of American evidence by contrasting the returns by wards. The Fourth Ward in Philadelphia is described as "a low-lying district containing a poor and unclean class of people;" the Twenty-eighth Ward is described as high and clean, and peopled "chiefly by merchants, clerks, and well-to-do mechanics." The following are the figures for the death-rates per one thousand among children under five:

	White.	Colored.
Ward Four	99.3	215.3
Ward Twenty-eight	52.5	90.6

In other words, the children of the poor were taken away by death almost twice as frequently as the children of the well-to-do. Such a table as this is but a beginning into an American examination of this question, and we should not publish the results were they not more than confirmed by the foreign returns. American returns need to be treated with extreme care, for the reason that immigration brings in a confusing element. Our immigrants are nearly all young or in the prime of life; therefore the death-rate among them is abnormally low. In foreign cities there is no such difficulty; therefore, when Dr. Ogle finds that the death-rate among London laborers is double that among the community at large, or when Mr. Humphries finds that the average life among the poor of Dublin is but 26 years, while it is over fifty years among the rich, there is no escaping the conclusions. In the country the poor do not die with any such excessive rapidity, and the fearful mortality among them in the city seems to be the outcome of the evil conditions of tenement-house living.

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In the August "Forum" is a very interesting statistical article on the pay of preachers, by Mr. H. K. Carroll, of the "Independent." As one would expect, the salaries are largest in the oldest and wealthiest denominations. In the Congregational Church the average paid is $1,047; in the Presbyterian Church, "between $1,000 and $1,200;" in the Protestant Episcopal Church, a somewhat larger sum, but impossible to define because of the absence of general returns. All of these denominations, however—even the Presbyterian—are weak numerically compared with the Methodists and Baptists, and it is to these greater bodies that we must turn for a clear conception of the average American minister's salary. For the Methodist Church (North) there are exact returns, and the average salary (including the rental value of parsonage) is about $847. In the Baptist Church the salaries are still smaller, partly because this denomination is strong in the South, where lower salaries are the rule in all denominations. Mr. Carroll considers at some length the salaries of highly paid ministers. Bishops in the Episcopal Church receive from $3,000 to $12,500; in the Methodist Church (North), about $5,000 a year; in the Methodist Church (South), $3,600 a year; and in the Roman Catholic Church from $3,000 to $10,000. The number of bishops in the United States is 240. There are thirty-six Congregational pastors (about one in one hundred) with salaries of $5,000 and over, and four pastors (about one in a thousand) with $10,000 or more. In the Methodist Church (North) there are but fourteen pastorates paying as much as $5,000, and there is none paying more than $7,000. In the Episcopal Church there is a single diocese in which sixteen parishes pay $5,000 or over, and four parishes $10,000 and a house. In summing up, Mr. Carroll says: "The larger incomes of pastors compare very favorably with the salaries of judges. There are more pastors than judges with $10,000 a year." This comparison may exaggerate the comparative incomes of ministers, since the best-paid lawyers rarely accept judgeships. Nevertheless, it must be recognized that even the average ministerial salary (for instance, that in the Methodist Church) is half again as great as the average labor income of an American family.

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The extent to which American workingmen sometimes allow themselves to be misrepresented by their own actions, or by actions which they fail to condemn, is clearly brought out by a recent article in the London "Spectator," the gist of which is to be found in this sentence: "The American workmen earn high wages, and ought to be able to save; they are not only free, but in many States hold the balance of power at the elections; they are unfettered by any laws against combination, and unrestrained by any pressure from the directing classes; they are all educated in a way—that is, they have all passed through what we call Board-schools, and they all obtain food more cheap and more plentiful than the majority of our workmen. They ought, by all *a priori* reasoning, to be able to settle the labor question—that is, the just division of profit between labor and capital—by calm and resolute bargaining, a method, again, which suits the national temper and the

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national way of doing business. Yet of all laborers in the world, except the Sicilians, who live under almost maddening conditions, the American workmen are the most furious." The moment there is any collision, it adds, between them and their employers, the former spring to arms, declare an active war against those who remain at work, fight the police, and murder or threaten to murder the business managers, so that strikes become, in reality, civil wars. "Murder succeeds murder, and outrage outrage, till the bewildered student asks if he is reading of life in the greatest of Republics or of life in some quarter-civilized State like Korea or Uganda." And the "Spectator," by way of fortifying its position, cites a long list of disorders, riots, and murders in connection with recent strikes in this country. This savagery, it says, is opposed to the real American character, which, although not without capacity for furious passion, is "essentially grave and sweet," and the causes of it are to be sought in the fact that among our working population there are large numbers of Slavs and southern Italians, who find a natural expression of their feelings in violence and outrage. But there are also a good many Americans, and their connivance with outrages of this sort is explained, in the judgment of the "Spectator," by the fact that we are half a century behind the English in industrial progress, and that we are now passing through the phase of ferocity which marked trade-unionism in that country fifty years ago. The fundamental difficulty, however, in the judgment of the "Spectator," and in the judgment of The Outlook also, lies in the easy-going attitude toward law and order on the part of too many Americans. There is too great a tendency to let things go to all lengths before the strong hand of authority is put forth.

❀

General News.—Laws directed against Anarchists and Socialists are to be introduced at once into the German Reichsrath; the Emperor is said to have overruled Chancellor Caprivi in the matter.——General Caceres, who was elected President of the Republic of Peru on May 10, has been installed in office; he has once before filled the office, has been Minister to London and Paris, and is a soldier of courage and ability; Caceres will probably move at once against ex-Dictator Pierola, who is now in northern Peru heading an insurrection.——Cholera is believed to be epidemic in Marseilles, and is gaining ground in some other European cities.——The American yacht Vigilant on Saturday and Monday gained notable victories over the Prince of Wales's Britannia, easily defeating the English boat, with time to spare.——The time for the debate in the Evicted Tenants Bill in the House of Lords has been fixed for next Monday; Mr. John Morley has written a letter to the Right Hon. Leonard Courtney, who is charged with the private negotiations on behalf of the Unionist leaders, stipulating that if the bill passes its second reading in the House of Lords the Government will consider the Lords' amendments in committee; this proposal was laid before Lord Salisbury and the Duke of Devonshire, who refused to consider it, but they offered the alternative that if the compulsory clauses of the bill were withdrawn before the measure finally passed the House of Commons the bill would then pass its second reading in the House of Lords. ——A Trades-Union Congress will open at Norwich, England, on September 3; John Burns has given notice of his intention to move a petition to the Government against further toleration of the House of Lords, and other resolutions will be introduced demanding reforms in Parliamentary procedure.——The Senate has passed Senator Hill's bill for the exclusion and deportation of Anarchists. ——Police Captain William S. Devery, of New York City, has been put on trial on charges growing out of the Lexow investigation.——Ex-Governor Austin Blair, Michigan's "war Governor," died at Jackson on August 6, at the age of seventy-six.

A Veteran Statesman

Senator Morrill has been called "the Gladstone of the American Congress." Like Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Morrill has outlasted all of his earlier contemporaries in public life. But while Mr. Gladstone has retired from active service, the American statesman has celebrated his eighty-fourth birthday anniversary, and has gone on with his Senatorial duties without thought of stopping. During the long, wearying debate on the tariff, just closed, the tall figure of the Vermont Senator was one of the small number which arose with daily regularity to face the Senate chaplain at the opening prayer. The hour of meeting was twice advanced as the consideration of the Tariff Bill progressed, until the Senate found itself in session at ten in the morning, two hours earlier than the usual time. But at nine o'clock every morning, unaffected by the midsummer heat, Senator Morrill's coupé was at the door, and the Senator was ready for the long drive to the Capitol. The mercury mounted higher and higher, and the struggle over the tariff grew hotter and hotter. For once Senator Morrill varied his garb in part, but he still wore the long black coat which was once considered an inseparable part of Senatorial dignity, and in which he appears in our cover portrait this week.

In more than hale old age there is a parallel between Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Morrill. The latter entered upon his Congressional life in 1855. Two years later he was placed on the Ways and Means Committee. His mercantile training previously had fitted him peculiarly for that kind of legislative work. For nearly forty years Mr. Morrill has borne a conspicuous part in all tariff revision. He has had much to do with the formulation of the protective policy of the Republican party from its beginning. His activity bestowed his name upon the tariff which was enacted when the Republican party came into full control of the Government. For a quarter of a century Mr. Morrill was looked up to as the apostle of protection and the leader in tariff legislation. Other Republicans were more conspicuous in the war and reconstruction policies and in the purely political battles fought on the floors of Congress, but in the lawmaking which dealt with the industries of the country Mr. Morrill was authority.

During the recent long argument, which exhausted the country as well as the Senate, Mr. Morrill had little to say in the debate, but he was one of the most attentive listeners, and his comments and suggestions were given at frequent intervals to Senators Sherman, Allison, and Aldrich, his colleagues in the Finance Committee. Mr. Morrill's most earnest opponents have never questioned the patriotic honesty of his motives. His record is unimpeachable as regards purity and sincerity.

Unlike Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Morrill has no idea of retirement at eighty-four. His term does not expire until 1897, when he will have been thirty years consecutively in the Senate. Since the foundation of the Government but one man has enjoyed a longer Congressional career, taking House and Senate together, than Mr. Morrill. This was Samuel Smith, of Maryland. Mr. Smith entered the House in 1793, and served alternately in one branch and the other, without a break, until 1833. This wonderful record Mr. Morrill will have beaten if he continues in the Senate ten

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months longer. Mr. Morrill now has to his credit twelve years in the House and over twenty-seven years in the Senate, with every prospect of adding to it enough to place him far in advance of all other American statesmen for continuous Congressional service.

"Strikes and their Remedies"

A correspondent whose expert knowledge of railroad affairs entitles him to speak with authority gives in another column some remarks respecting remedies for railroad strikes in reply to an editorial in The Outlook of July 21. We welcome this contribution, for we are sure that it is only by the contributions of many minds looking at the subject from different points of view that the railroad problem of the United States can be solved. We accompany our correspondent's letter with four suggestions:

1. We agree with him that the railroad is both private property and a public highway. Individualism would make it simply private property; Socialism would make it public property. Our present problem is how to preserve it as private property and still protect the rights of the public in it as a public highway. We venture to predict that if this cannot be done the people in this country will do as the people have done in some other countries —take possession of the railroad and make it public property, as well as a public highway.

2. Our correspondent objects to arbitration because it would favor the employees. Curiously, representatives of the workingmen object to arbitration because it is sure to favor the employers—see Henry George's recent speech in the Cooper Union. We are inclined to see in this double objection evidence that there are two sides to the questions to be arbitrated, and that the arbiters have not proved themselves in the past partisans of either side.

3. If the managers of a railroad are unable so to conduct it as to pay the interest on its debt, the community takes possession of the railroad through the instrumentality of a receiver, and conducts the business in the interest of the bondholders. We are inclined to the opinion that there is quite as much reason for permitting the community to take possession of the railroad and run it in the interest of the public—making due provision for the rights of those who have invested in the road—if the interests of the public cannot be or are not adequately protected by the railroad managers.

4. We regret that our correspondent suggests no other remedy in lieu of the ones which we have suggested—unless his last paragraph may be regarded as an indication of a remedy. We do not, however, believe that the American public will be content to leave the condition between railroad employees and railroad corporations one of chronic though suppressed war, and trust for the protection of the rights and interests of the public to the use of a standing army whenever that suppressed war breaks out into a conflict which practically prevents the use of the public highways.

—Mr. Herbert Spencer is reported as having recently written these words to a correspondent in this country: "In the United States, as here and elsewhere, the movement toward dissolution of existing social forms and reorganization on a socialistic basis I believe to be irresistible. We have bad times before us, and you have still more dreadful times before you—civil war, immense bloodshed, and eventually military despotism of the severest type." We commend to Mr. Spencer as an antidote to his pessimistic terror Emerson's "He has not learned the lesson of life who does not every day surmount a fear."

To Perplexed Mothers

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In The Outlook of July 7 you quote this phrase of Matthew Arnold's: "There is a Power not ourselves that makes for righteousness." Is there a Power, also not ourselves, that works for *un*righteousness? If not, whence do all these terrible passions come that blast and blight humanity from childhood to the grave? Living in my family is a child, well bred and well born, as far as human eye can see, yet who defies the most kindly authority, if adhered to, with a fiendishness that is truly satanic. If her plans are not carried out to her way of thinking, there is a storm that has to spend itself, like a cyclone. Can you offer one word of advice for the management of such a child?—a child in other respects all right, truthful, kind, and affectionate, but exhibiting such whirlwinds of wrath when her track is crossed. Should such a temper be allowed to express itself? If not, how can it be suppressed?

ONE OF THE PERPLEXED.

You ask two questions: a theological and a practical one. We think it probable that there is a power not ourselves which makes for unrighteousness; not improbable that there is in modern life a phenomenon resembling that in the New Testament known as demoniacal possession. But whether this is the case or not—whether your child is influenced by some invisible spirit, or by other and less mysterious agencies—your method in dealing with him is to be the same. Two principles are to govern you: 1. Never get into a controversy with your child. 2. Never allow an act of deliberate disobedience to pass unpunished. There are, indeed, possible exceptions to all rules: the child may be sick, and it may, on the one hand, be necessary to compel the child, in spite of its resistance, to take a prescribed medicine; or, on the other hand, to pass by disobedience without penalty, for the same reason—sickness. But the medicine must be very important the benefit of which will counteract the evil effects of such a struggle with the child, and the sickness must be very severe which requires deliberate disobedience to be passed by without any penalty.

We can best illustrate both principles by describing the wrong and the right way to deal with such a child.

The child comes in from play and throws his cap carelessly on the floor. The mother tells him to pick it up and put it in its place. The child refuses. The mother repeats the command somewhat more sternly. The child refuses somewhat more vigorously. The mother is irritated, and shows her irritation. The tendency of any passion is to awaken the corresponding passion in another, and the mother's irritation irritates the child. The mother slaps the child; the child slaps back. A controversy is begun. The two wills are set against each other. Possibly the mother triumphs, and the child, sullen and angry, picks up the cap, embittered against the mother, and resolved when it gets older and stronger not to yield, and quite ready, the next time it comes into the house, to fling its cap upon the floor in mere defiance. Perhaps the child triumphs, and looks with secret or even open contempt on the mother who tried to compel obedience and could not.

Another mother tells her child to pick up the cap; the child refuses; the mother quietly picks it up, and then inflicts some punishment on the child for his disobedience. It need not be a severe one. All that is necessary is that it shall *always be inflicted*, and that it shall be inflicted not only without irritation expressed, but without irritation felt. The next day the scene is repeated. Day after day it re-occurs. The child learns that it does not pay to disobey. The two wills are never brought into open conflict; there is never a battle; the child's combativeness is never aroused by the mother's insistence; his self-will is never excited by her self-will; she suffers the humiliation of a disobedient child, he the penal conse-

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quences of his disobedience. She suffers more than he does, but he learns the lesson in time, and, after five or ten years of such experience, provided it is continuous and without exception, obeys because disobedience involves penalty. We repeat that the penalty need not be severe. It is only necessary that it involve a greater inconvenience than the act of obedience would involve. In the case of such a child as our correspondent describes, physical chastisement is almost invariably disadvantageous. It generally arouses anger. If it is inflicted, it should be severe—severe enough to expel the anger: as an angry child who strikes his fist through a pane of glass is startled out of his anger by the crash of the glass and the cut and bleeding hand.

Do not expect any immediate result from the method here recommended. And do not expect any result at all unless penalty follows disobedience in every case, and the penalty is inflicted in patience, not in irritation. We add the recommendation to get, read, and ponder Jacob Abbott's "Gentle Measures in the Training of the Young," published by Harper & Brothers, in which much wise counsel for perplexed mothers may be found.

Books of Refreshment

Those who take some note of current literature in England and America need not be told that a new group of writers has arisen during the last few years, both in prose and in verse—a group which contains some men of notable promise. It is perhaps too much to say that a reaction against realism in fiction has set in, but it is not too much to say that a distinct revival of interest in the novel of romance and adventure is discernible in many quarters. The popularity of Mr. Stevenson; the rise of Mr. Barrie, and later of Mr. Crockett, whose "Stickit Minister" has now been followed by "The Raiders," one of the most spirited and brilliant stories of adventure which has appeared for many a day; the popularity of Mr. Weyman, whose "Gentleman of France" has been very widely read; the growing interest in the work of Mr. Conan Doyle, and the attention attracted by "Ships that Pass in the Night"—all these are evidences not only of the return of interest in forms of fiction which the followers of the realistic method have been telling us were outgrown and old-fashioned, but also of the rise of a new and promising group of writers in the field of fiction.

Miss Repplier has been doing good service by calling attention to the fact that the art of literature still involves both pleasure and recreation, and that the sole end of the book is not to instruct, inspire, and expand. These are, indeed, the inevitable results of the greatest works of art, but there is still a perfectly legitimate field for the solace, the entertainment, and the recreation of mankind, especially at the hands of the story-tellers. It is safe to say, in the face of all the tendency novels and the novels of purpose which have flooded the world in recent years—and some of them are notable and permanent contributions to literature—that men and women still crave the novel of adventure and the romantic story. The old story-tellers who recited the "Arabian Nights" hundreds of years ago, and are still repeating them in the East to-day, meet what is commonly known as "a real need"—the need of change, diversion, rest, and pleasure. And the great story-tellers like Walter Scott and Dumas, who do not represent a school of thought, and do not set about a specific work of reform, have their place quite as distinctly as George Eliot or Charles Dickens. The story of adventure and the romantic novel are dear to the human heart, and are certain to reappear at intervals, no matter how marked the occasional reaction against them may be, as long as books are written. Indeed, there will be a question in many minds whether, as literary artists, some of these occasionally discredited writers for pleasure and entertainment are not greater than those who use the novel as a means of teaching. That is too large a question to discuss at this moment. It is enough to point out the fact that Mr. Stevenson, Mr. Crockett, Mr. Weyman, and Mr. Doyle are in every sense legitimate novelists. Indeed, they may point to the greatest masters of fiction as the exemplars of the particular art which they themselves are illustrating. Certainly the world never needed diversion of the right sort more than it needs it to-day, and we cannot have too many wholesome stories of the kind that will lighten the burdens, divert the attention, and refresh the souls of men.

Editorial Notes

—Chicago may justly fear that her proud distinction as a dwelling-place of the divorced has been snatched from her, for San Francisco has now the highest percentage. According to the "Statistics of Conjugal Condition" recently issued by the Census Office, there are 567 divorced men and 1,073 divorced women in Chicago—0.15 per cent. of the total population; but, while the numbers are not so large in San Francisco, the percentage is about 0.33. In New York the percentage is less than 0.06.

—Mr. Julian Hawthorne, in his witty reply in the "Critic" to a letter from a subscription-book firm asking him for a commendation of the system, which, instead, he condemned vigorously, might have added to his other amusing comments one on the letter's statement that "Daniel Webster paid his second term's tuition at Dartmouth by canvassing for De Tocqueville's 'America.'" As De Tocqueville was born in 1805, and Webster graduated in 1804, this seems to be a remarkable instance of taking time by the forelock on the part of the orator, or of extraordinary precociousness on the part of the author.

—A dispatch to the Chicago "Tribune" states that the Board of Regents of Wisconsin State University has appointed a committee to investigate the charges brought by State Superintendent Wells against Professor Ely. The report of the committee will be awaited with interest. By his appeals to the conscience and intelligence of the well-to-do in behalf of certain social reforms, Professor Ely has done more than any college professor in America to prevent a perilous separation of classes. These are distinctively public services, and should receive the highest honor in a university supported by the State.

—The New York Constitutional Convention last week discussed at length a proposition to make voting compulsory. Inasmuch as voting is a duty, some such measure may some day be demanded. But in last week's discussion the punishment chiefly urged for failure to vote was partial disfranchisement. In other words, the proposed enactment would first make it the duty of every man to vote, and then punish those who failed to discharge it by requiring them to continue in their evil course. This form of punishment is respectfully commended to Gilbert and Sullivan for the first revision of "The Mikado."

—The latest *fête champêtre* of the ultra "smart" set at Newport was distinguished by some rivalry among the swell coaches as to which should arrive first. The day was intensely hot and the way very hilly, but any consideration for the horses arising out of these conditions was not allowed to hinder the fun. The result to one coach was that one of its leaders became disabled, but may recover; another gave out entirely, and was actually left by the wayside to die. On the arrival of another coach, one of its animals fell and instantly expired before the guests, who were "really much impressed by the incident." So are the Spaniards sometimes at a bull-fight.

—The New York "Voice" has verified the report that Judge Butler, of the United States District Court at Philadelphia, has refused to grant naturalization papers to a man who admitted that he was a Socialist. The applicant declared that he had no sympathy whatever with Anarchism, but believed in "the substitution of the co-operative commonwealth for the present state of planless production," which "through failures on the one hand and capitalistic combination on the other is fast working out its own downfall." There are just two classes of people whom this decision will gratify—the opponents of all social reform and the advocates of social revolution. The latter could ask for nothing better in support of their violent denunciation of the "so-called freedom of thought and freedom of speech in America."

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Jack and the Giant in Korea

By William Elliot Griffis

Author of "Korea, the Hermit Nation," etc.

WE are all familiar with the fairy tales in which the ogres and giants have a hard time of it when they meet with nimble Jacks and witty princesses. Some of us, too, perhaps, have studied the mid-air battles between the crow and the king-bird. We have seen that bulk and mass do not always avail against brain and motion. In a word, "the race is not always to the swift, or the battle to the strong." Yet should the battle close between the swift on the one hand and the strong on the other, who shall forecast the issue?

This is the picture in the far East of to-day, yet not the old Cathay and Zipango of mediæval and Marco Polo times. In fact, there is no Far East any more. Electric nerves on land and sea have annihilated distance. Steam and breech-loaders have changed the conditions of chronology and of marine geography; though, as of old, the mountains, the passes, the plains, the ports, and the strategic points remain the same. "Geography is" still "half of war," and we are now waiting to see which is the other half—whether wit, quick brains, and a hearty acceptance of modern conditions is that hemisphere; or, if the Japanese plans "gang aglee," whether the enormous resources of China will in the end prevail. While all war is to be at first sight deprecated, there are some things to hope for against the many to grieve over. This struggle of Jack and the giant ought to settle one or two things. It is, perhaps, not well for an American to be partisan. It is not right, without good reason, to have actual sympathy either with nimble Jack or the great giant; and yet there is a question to settle. This question, in condensed form, is this: Shall the ideal of civilization represented by China prevail, or shall the Japanese purpose be vindicated and confirmed?

Mutsu-Hito,
Mikado of Japan.

Let us look at the three countries on the superb map of Chinese Asia issued by the War Office in Tokio, and now lying before me. "China proper" appears as a vast tea-pot, in which the moth Korea and the silkworm Japan would scarcely fill more than an inch of the bottom. China claims to rule about one-fourth of the population of the globe, and a very large fraction of its area. Her wealth and resources—if she could move or utilize them—would be simply amazing. We all know her claims and her history. She has for ages called herself the Middle Kingdom. All nations around her are but the fringes and tassels to her august robe. In a Chinese atlas, which I have before me, each of the nineteen provinces of China occupies a whole page. A page is also given to Tibet, to Mongolia, and to Manchuria, and one also to Formosa and to Annam. All the rest of the world is crowded together on *one* page, with China in the center.

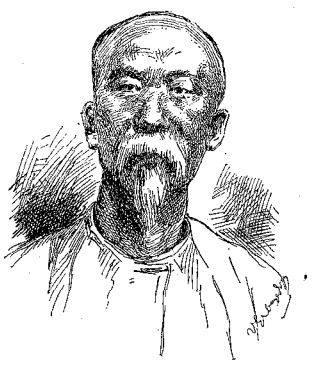
Li-Hi,
King of Korea.

Again and again has China been conquered by barbarians from the north—Huns, Tartars, Mongols, Manchus—but these waves of irruption have been absorbed into the great sea of the Chinese people, land, language, and culture. Though China has had thirty-three dynasties, the one idea of her supremacy over all the world, and, until recently, her refusal to acknowledge any other nations as equal, or rulers as sovereign, have been her characteristics. She has given letters, almanacs—the far-Oriental symbols of suzerainty and of vassalage—to the surrounding nations, but her recognition of other civilizations, sovereigns, or religions has been obtained only through the media of powder and ball. She has been humiliated again and again by European nations. Chinese patriotism is almost *nil*, yet no individuals more than the Chinese feel personal loss.

Kuang Hsü,
Emperor of China.

Out in the ocean, away from the mainland, shaped like a long silkworm, from whose head is spun a long line of islands down to tropical Formosa, with her tail lost amid the fogs of the Kuro Shiwo, lies Japan. Her population is but forty millions, and her territory is but little more than that of the United Kingdom of the northern Atlantic. Brave, bold, enterprising, warlike, conceited, mercurial, the Japanese people are one, with a highly organized political body. A Jack compared to a giant, indeed, but its pick-ax is dangerous.

Geographically, between silkworm and teapot, hovers the headless moth of Korea. The tip of its northern wing touches Russia in Siberia, that of its southern wing lies where the Yellow Sea flows, and near to Japan's outlying isles. Eastward its head, if it has any head, points across the great, deep bowl of the Sea of Japan over toward the mainland of Nippon. Westward its one wing lies against China and the other against the Gulf of Pechili. It has a population of perhaps twelve millions. By natural configuration Korea is an independent country; by race traits and history the people should be, as they claim to be, a sovereign and a separate nation. Her literature is on the Chinese model, but her language is wonderfully like that of the Japanese. Physically, the Koreans are between the two rivals.



Li Hung Chang,
Viceroy of China.

The story of Korea is both long and short. Chronologically, the men of horse-hair hats and white cotton clothes claim that their land, called Morning Radiance, boasts a civilization of four thousand years. Kicius (if we venture to Latinize the name of Ki-tsze as the Jesuits did that of Kung-fu-tze) was the founder of their social order. He was an ancestor of Confucius, and emigrated from China 1122 B.C. Not a few of the white-robed scholars of the Peninsula claim that Korean culture antedates that of their mighty neighbor. The better classes are very learned, but the chief ambition of the *yang-ban* or gentry seems to be to smoke amazingly long tobacco-pipes, to do no work, except pen-work, that could possibly soil their hands, and to gouge the people by means of their taxation and "squeezes" to the last degree of endurance.

Korea has had her story of civil war, of feudalism,

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and of union. Yet even now, under what professes to be a monarchy, the two great groups of ex-feudal chiefs, represented respectively by the Queen and the Min clan, and the King and the Ni clan, devour the people. Little or no encouragement is given to industry, and Korea's story is one of chronic oppression and poverty.

Her geographical situation is most lamentable. The jealousy between Japanese and Chinese is age-old and age-enduring. The Japanese, making a claim which before the bar of history is little short of mythological, say that in the second century they, through their Amazonian Queen Jingo (a proper name curiously suggestive of our modern political slang), conquered the whole peninsula. Very probably one of the chieftainesses of a Japanese tribe in that misty era, when there were no clocks or almanacs in the little portion of Japan then known, did make a successful raid somewhere on the neighboring coasts. Certain it is, however, that during the Middle Ages Japanese armies fought often and valiantly in the land of tigers and ginseng, both against the natives and the Chinese. Japanese poetry, history, folk-lore, and common speech are full of reminiscences of these patent facts.

Furthermore, in 1592 Hidéyoshi sent over armies of veterans, which in eighteen days occupied the capital and all the fortresses between Seoul and the seacoast, and which in one month reached the northern frontier. Then came the shock of battle between the hosts from China and the little Japanese armies. Valor and science often won the day against brute force united to local knowledge and patriotism. There is little doubt that had Hidéyoshi properly sustained his army the Japanese could have held Korea. As it was, they won "peace with honor," and retired after having literally carried Korean industry, art, and skill bodily into Japan. The poor little country, devoured for seven years by friends that were worse than foes, and foes that ate up her organized industries as well as her food, remained a pitiable object, to be again, only thirty years later, overrun by the Manchu hosts. These Tartars allowed the Koreans to keep their hair, while imposing on the hundreds of millions of China the pigtail, which, from Emperor to laundryman, is still the badge of Tartar conquest and of Chinese submission.

For centuries "the little kingdom" paid tribute heavily to China and lightly to Japan, but over forty years ago the peaceful armada of Commodore Matthew Perry changed the whole situation, and, by opening Japan, rendered China's ancient system of diplomacy hopelessly obsolete. Feudal and disintegrated Japan, like three hundred old bits of shoe-iron heated by fires within and beaten by the hammers of foreign diplomacy into a single Masamuné blade, became a startling apparition before the eyes of China. Welding into one Japanese and Latin rhetorical allusion, we may say that the sword of Masamuné hung by a hair over China. It threatened to cut to pieces her claims of *Whang-Ti*, or universal supremacy. With an alacrity and a sincerity that aroused the wrath of China and drew forth almost incredible insults from Korea, Japan adopted modern civilization, tore up China's almanac and threw the lunar calendar to the winds, accepted frankly and fully international law. Then, organizing a national army and navy on the best modern principles, Dai Nippon stood forth a girded athlete. Intimating to Korea that all past Japanese claims of vassalage would be forgotten, and her insults forgiven, Japan, following the example of the United States, sent the Japanese Perry, Kuroda, with a fleet prepared like Perry to do the right thing but to stand no nonsense. A treaty was made in which Korea was recognized as a sovereign State. Since that time the course of love, true or otherwise, has not always flowed smoothly between the two nations, and blood has more than once been spilled; but, apart from Japan's conceit, pride, and bullying (if these there be), China still acts according to her old precedents. She claims Formosa, the Riu Kiu (Loo Choo) Islands, and, apparently, Korea as part of her territory, or at least appanage.

When, however, Formosa cannibals kill and eat shipwrecked Americans as well as Japanese, and the Mikado's statesmen attempt, after being told in Pekin that eastern Formosa is not within Chinese jurisdiction, to chastise the cannibals, then the Japanese are warned off as "invaders" and "buccaneers." When Japan, acting on General Grant's suggestion, appoints Joint High Commissioners with full powers to settle the question of jurisdiction over the Riu Kiu Islands, at the last stage of the proceedings the Chinese Government, with a duplicity that would not be tolerated for a moment in Europe, burlesques diplomacy, and turns the matter over from Joint High Commissioners to the Tsung-li Yamen. When Japan acts according to treaty stipulations with China in Korean affairs, she is branded as "a neighbor-disturbing nation."

No wonder that now Japan stands on her dignity, and, believing herself clothed in the triple armor of justice, quails not even before the Giant that possibly is able, and possibly not, to grind Japanese bones to make Chinese bean-curd.

To sing the long song of recent events in short meter, the tune is like this: Japan has more subjects in Korea than have all other foreign nationalities; her commerce in bulk and importance is greater than that of all other foreign nations combined. It seems absolutely necessary for her national safety that Korea should not become a Chinese province. In the recent uprising of the peasantry of the fertile southern provinces against the intolerable exactions of the office-holders, China responded with suspicious alacrity and sent over her soldiers. According to the letter and spirit of the treaty, Japan was amply justified in dispatching the same number.

Japan represents civilization; China represents antiquity and ideas which no longer survive in modern life. Who will be the victor and what will be the outcome no human eye can foresee. It is not only the nations east and west of Korea that are fighting, those north and south of her may soon step in. The Bear and the Lion, as well as the Dragon and the Dragon-fly, will have their say. Meanwhile the true Korean patriots are hoping that the outcome will be the independence of their beloved land.

The Destruction of the Poor

By Arthur Reed Kimball

It has taken this boastful modern world a long time to appreciate in all its bearings the ancient wisdom of the author of the Book of Proverbs: "The rich man's wealth is his strong city; the destruction of the poor is their poverty." The destruction of the poor, through the increased cost of every necessity which must be bought, because of their poverty, in the smallest quantity and therefore at the highest price, and through their inability to secure credit in a pinch, because of their poverty, except at ridiculously ruinous rates of interest, has at last impressed itself upon the practical benevolence of the nineteenth century here in America. This much of compensation is to be found in the popular distress of these hard times.

The ingenuity of the money-sharks who prey upon the necessities of the poor, and who grow rich in proportion as others are driven to dire extremity in the search for some way to raise pitifully small sums, has perhaps never been set forth more clearly in all its repulsiveness than in a document bearing the somewhat cumbersome title: "Report of the Operations of the Citizens' Permanent Relief Committee of Philadelphia in Relieving Distress in the City during the Winter of 1893–94." The part of the report here referred to was the result of a special investigation by Mr. Rudolph Blankenburg. He found that among the worthy poor a cause of distress equal to the lack of employment was the necessity of satisfying the usurious money-lender—"who would have challenged the admiration and envy of Shylock himself"—into whose clutches they had fallen, largely through alluring advertisements.

One of the first cases to attract the attention of the Committee, and, by the publicity given to it in the press, to lead to the discovery of many similar cases, was that of an electrician who had always earned good wages until dis-

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abled by sickness. His wife called on the Committee, not to solicit alms, but to see if something could not be done to release them from the grip of the money-shark. The circumstances of the case are thus stated by Mr. Blankenburg:

After exhausting his savings he applied for and received a loan of $50 from one of the numerous loan companies, giving as security a judgment note and bill of sale on his furniture. This loan was to be repaid in thirteen weekly installments of $5.10 each, amounting in all to $66.30; a rate of interest equal to 240 per cent. per annum (the payments averaging due in less than seven weeks). After paying back $35.70 he was unable to continue, and was threatened with a sheriff's levy on his household goods.

The money-shark demanded $30.60, the balance due on $66.30; but the Committee offered instead the balance due on the original $50 loan, $14.30, with legal interest added, 60 cents, or $14.90 instead of $30.60. This was finally accepted, as usurious interest can be recovered by law in Pennsylvania, although usury cannot be punished criminally, and the advertising of the case would injure the money-shark's business. Thus $15.70 was saved to the electrician, which in hard times could be made to go quite a long way in supplying bare necessities.

The Committee then secured the services of counsel, and, says Mr. Blankenburg, "meetings to hear complaints were held daily until May 18. They were attended by as many as fifty or sixty complainants on a single day, and averaged perhaps eighteen persons, the total attendance being estimated at twenty-one hundred, quite a number calling several times. Of the complaints, a majority had to be ignored because they were beyond the province of the Committee; such as three divorce cases, the settlement of family disputes, the case of a common scold, collecting of an inheritance, and cases of similar character. Most of the refused cases were outlawed usurious interest, and could, therefore, not be prosecuted, but cognizance was taken of five hundred and seventy-two complaints."

One of the most interesting of the schemes thus unearthed was an ingenious one to enable you to borrow your own money. The United States authorities have now, on the showing of the Committee, brought suit to prevent this company from longer doing business in Pennsylvania. The scheme is thus described by Mr. Blankenburg:

Agents approach the unwary and tell them that, by subscribing to a bond of the company, and paying $2 weekly, they will, within one or, at the latest, two weeks, be entitled to a loan of $100. When the victims make application for a loan, they are notified to offer a premium, and that the loan will be made to the highest bidder. The average premium, according to the statement of the Secretary and Treasurer, amounts to 55 per cent.; in other words, a person wanting to borrow $100 has (if the loan is granted at all) $55 premium deducted, and receives only $45, but must sign and pay a judgment note of $100! In many cases, after the victims, who were in sore need of money, had paid in $50 or more, they secured a loan of $45, or really less than the amount they had paid in themselves; *thus borrowing $45 of their own money*, and paying for the privilege of borrowing this the sum of $100.

Nearly one hundred and fifty victims of the alluring promises of this company applied to the Committee for relief, and most of them "persons of fair intelligence."

Another loan company, with an authorized capital of "two hundred million dollars," divided into one million shares of two hundred dollars each, has been compelled by the Committee to give up doing business in Pennsylvania, through a discovery of fraud in its charter. Its *modus operandi* was this, as revealed through the application of one of the Committee's clerks to become an agent and stockholder: "Upon my inquiry whether I could at any time make a loan on this share of stock, his answer was, 'You can borrow money with real estate security to the amount of the par value of each share, but otherwise we will only loan money at the rate of 75 per cent. on what has been paid in.' I then said to him, 'You mean, if I have only paid in $6 I can borrow but $4.50?' 'That is exactly it.'"

This company advertises after this fashion:

An easy way to obtain a Bank Account!
A splendid opportunity to secure a Homestead!
Improved System of Savings, big profits, with absolute security.
Every Dollar secured by First Mortgage on Fee-simple Real Estate.
Read! Reflect! and Resolve to become a Capitalist, or the owner of a Home.

Usually these so-called loan companies are "satisfied" with 20 per cent. a month, but the Committee unearthed one individual whose rates were 60 per cent. a month, or 720 per cent. a year. Says Mr. Blankenburg:

To make this plain, his regular scale of interest on loans is hereby given:
For a loan of $10, he charges $19.50 in thirteen weeks.
For a loan of $15, he charges $29.25 in thirteen weeks.
For a loan of $20, he charges $39.00 in thirteen weeks.
For a loan of $25, he charges $48.75 in thirteen weeks.
As the money had to be repaid in weekly installments, or, on an average, in less than seven weeks, the interest charges amounted to the enormous rate above stated.

One class of money-lenders contented themselves with charging 10 per cent. a month, payable monthly, the principal to be kept as long as interest is paid. This is the way this scheme is worked:

A woman who had borrowed $75 in October, 1891, had paid $7.50 a month until the total amount paid by her was $142.50. During the hard times last winter it was impossible for her to continue this. She called on the money-lender to get a statement of what she owed him, and was informed that she now owed seven months' interest, amounting to $52.50, and the original loan of $75, or a total of $112.50 (this after paying $142.50 interest on $75 in about two years).

The Committee compelled the money-lender to surrender the judgment note, thus relieving her from any further payments on the $112.50 claimed.

A great many cases were found of hardship in the matter of small real estate loans, too small for a large and reputable banking company to bother itself with. Here is a typical case:

A widow had to borrow $200 on her small home; she was charged and there was deducted in the first place $22.50 for investigating the title, and further amounts were obtained from her under different pretexts, until in two years she had paid the firm, through whom she had obtained the money, about $265 for a loan of $177.50. When she asked for a final settlement, she was informed that if she would pay $20 additional all her papers would be returned to her.

The Committee compelled this firm not only to forego their last charge of $20, but to restore $20 already paid by her.

This résumé by no means exhausts Mr. Blankenburg's valuable report, but enough has been given to illustrate the ingenuity of the money-shark in devising schemes to enrich himself through the ignorance and desperate need of the poor. These revelations also emphasize the need for such institutions as the recently established Provident Loan Society of New York City. A society similar to this is to be established in Philadelphia in the fall, as a direct result of the revelations made in Mr. Blankenburg's report.

A Deacon's Solution

By Herbert W. Boyd

[The following account came to the writer with the hinted request that he give it to the public. It is an accurate, if not full, account of the first instance of the now common marriage of city to country churches. This story is now of historical interest in view of the recent celebration in Oberlin of Dr. Brand's fortieth anniversary and the tenth of his Oberlin-Kipton pastorate. To some of us, fifteen years ago, the problem of pastors for the weaker churches seemed very perplexing as we read Dr. Brand's articles in the "Congregationalist" and the varying opinions of his critics. H. W. B.

December 30, 1909.]

On the last Sunday of June, 1894, John Temple, just from Yadover Seminary, began his pastorate in the little parish of East Pelbury, with a salary of $600. About six weeks before this the second church of Springhampton, a city of wealth and culture, had given him an urgent call to their pulpit, their criticisms, and their salary of $2,000. This church, rather *parish*, had brought the good old unsatisfactory Dr. Brown to terms of resignation

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by gradually reducing his $3,000 to this point. With the young candidate they proposed to reverse the process.

Temple was young, unmarried, physically strong, interested in everything going on everywhere, hopeful. And he was ambitious. The seriousness of this step, however, checked him from making a hasty decision, though he laid aside the Springhampton letter with the feeling that before graduation-day the call would be accepted.

"God disposes." The next Friday an appeal came to one of the Seminary officers to send a man to "supply" East Pelbury the coming Sabbath. (That was a common thing in our theological seminaries until about twelve or thirteen years ago, when the State Boards of Ministerial Supply secured that monopoly of all such business which has proved so beneficent.) Of course the providential lot fell to Temple.

He found a situation all too common in that day: church run down; short pastorates; endless and demoralizing "supplies;" discouraged people. "Why don't you call a man?" he asked the "pillar" who drove him back to the train. "No use. No one will come to stay. Would you?" John explained that he already had his call, but promised to do his best to get them a "worthy man." He had no success during the following week, and the next Sunday found him again with the hopeless church. He carried back a sort of Macedonian cry ringing in his soul. Then the struggle. He said: "Dr. Brand is right," and then, "But this is an 'exceptional case;' if I don't go to Springhampton, they say the church will be all split up and the cause will be irreparably injured."

The decision was in favor of the "weaker church," and there John Temple worked faithfully five years. It was not easy work, nor was the success of the brilliant or statistical kind. Yet it was known abroad. Its quality brought him to a great crisis. A committee from Boscester investigated. The call followed. The city church had no doubt that its "flattering call" would speedily be accepted. And the Pelbury people slipped back in their feelings five years.

But John Temple was in doubt. If it was his duty to go to that despised field, was it not now his duty to stay? Would it not be a miserable failure in his consecration if, having started in the way of self-sacrifice by putting away the tempting call, he should now yield to the next assault upon his resolve! He was still ambitious. One after another of his classmates were accepting as promotions the second or third pastorate, with increased opportunities and salaries and families and reputations. His friends said, "You have set a good example, served your time in the small church. Now, with your experience and increased abilities, you would be making the best use of yourself and accomplish more in the larger field." Then, too, he thought of that young woman who had been waiting with him in doubt whether it could be right for them to put their lives together there while the support was so slender. How much more congenial the Boscester life would be for her!

But what would become of East Pelbury? Not that he thought his services indispensable there; but he knew the old experience; and he knew that now it would be still more difficult for them to get a man for permanent service. So he wrote very frankly to the people of the city church, stating his perplexity and his unwillingness to desert his post until he could be sure of some provision for that parish.

The Pelbury people rallied. They begged their pastor to stay. They would do everything they could to make it more comfortable for him. They would repair the parsonage, furnish him with all his wood and hay, and *try* to raise an increase in the salary.

Committees and letters from the city besieged him. "A great chance in a growing part of the place." "Just the man, the only one who now could unite them and lead them to prosperity." He should have $2,500, a new parsonage as soon as he was married, and $100 down for moving expenses. (Poor man, he could move all his earthly possessions in one trunk and a dry-goods box!) Still he was unmoved. It was a deadlock.

Then the Deacon made the happy hit. The stronger church had called a meeting to plan a final effort. One man proposed that they advise the East Pelbury church to unite with a neighboring church still weaker. Both could probably pay a thousand-dollar salary, and thus get a desirable man. A member of the church committee, who had just returned from the country campaign, stated that the churches were six miles apart; had tried the thing; for various reasons, chiefly the selfishness of the churches, had failed therein; and were not willing to try again. "And," said the investigator as he took his seat, "how would this church like that sort of thing?"

Deacon Williams arose. He was a business man, but he gave thought and time and energy, as well as prayers and money, to the kingdom. "Mr. Moderator, I move that this church offer to unite fortunes with the church in East Pelbury, in such ways and on such terms as the two churches in conference can agree upon." That settled it and gave us the system, now so generally in favor, of allied churches.

Though the Boscester-Pelbury Church is now as well known as St. George's in New York and the Jersey City Tabernacle, many are not familiar with the original plan, which naturally was more crude than those with which we are now so well acquainted. After several conferences a plan was submitted to the two churches and adopted in both by substantial majorities. Several weeks ago Dr. Temple showed the writer the original copy. The following are the essential features:

The name was to be the "Allied Churches of East Pelbury and Boscester." There were to be a pastor, the Rev. John Temple, with a salary of $2,000, and an associate pastor, to whom would be offered $1,200. The senior pastor should serve the city church eight months of the year from October 1, and the country church three months, the associate acting for the same length of time in the other church, and each having one month vacation. Semi-annual meetings of both churches were to be held, the December meeting with the city church and the June meeting in the country. At these meetings the important business of the churches was to be transacted, fellowship promoted, plans made for the spiritual welfare of both places. The purpose of the whole was that each church should be more and more helpful to the other. The idea was that the strong should help the weak—not merely the strong *young* men help the weaker churches, but the strong *older* men as well; and that it should be the strong churches from whom the movement should come. This plan made careful provision that the weaker church should not be considered as a "mission" or a "branch," or anything less than an associate body, with every right, privilege, power, and dignity which it had in its independency before the marriage.

These churches are forty miles apart, by stage and railroad more than three hours; but the distance was the least of the difficulties overcome. Many will remember the objection to this scheme that it would separate the churches of the same city, and tend to weaken the fellowship of the country churches in the conferences. The facts in this case and the thirty or more similar instances of alliance give no evidence to justify the apprehension. And, as we have watched during the past twelve years the rapid increase of Christian Leagues, from the suggestion of the Connecticut League of Dr. Gladden, we note many ways in which the two movements have become complementary to each other.

Some people have misunderstood the Alliance movement, and shown the disposition to disparage it as an impracticable scheme of the ministers. I have even seen newspaper references to it as the brilliant notion of Dr. Temple. That is all wrong. Deacon Williams, of Bocester, conceived the plan, and did more than any one else to make it practicable and successful. In almost every instance where churches have come into such alliance, it has been the work of the wise and unselfish laymen of the city church. Indeed, the story of this good deacon's inspiration directs our attention to the now obvious fact that the most promising relief for the weaker churches is in the generous and far-seeing Christian statesmanship of the lay members of the stronger churches.

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A Matter of Predestination

By Martha McCulloch Williams

Low late sunshine gilded richly the street and housetops of Troy. Plenty of folk were abroad there. It was Court Day, the first Monday in June; and everybody in the county round about, who felt himself entitled to rank as anybody, held it a point of honor to come to town then, whether or no he had occasion for the coming. Most of them had occasion, great or small. It is a mighty unusual human mind that cannot construct out of daily necessities a decent pretext for doing what it chooses. Certainly Troy's country neighbors did not lack such ingenuity. They were, for the most part, of the level-minded English stock, full of shrewd wit and slow humor, that has spread from Virginia and the Carolinas westward over the face of the land.

Troy town was, and is, capital of a Tennessee county. Upon this Monday afternoon—evening the Trojans would have said—it had perhaps five hundred inhabitants. The three general stores stood apart, each in its own building, with a wide porch across the front, a long horse-rack shouldering the porch, and a lot behind, in which those who came to town, as they phrased it, "buggy-back," could leave their vehicles with a contented mind while they either loitered at gossip or thronged the Court-House benches.

Troy had nine lawyers, and not one was without a following. It had likewise five ministers, but the wrangle over their merits never grew so warm as was the case with the lawyers. Denominational lines, you see, narrowed appreciation of words that burn.

Just now the Law and the Gospel had got into a snarl, with an element of romance that made the whole countryside thrill. It had been whispered about for a year at least that young Jack Musgrave, Lawyer Musgrave's son and successor, of whom it already began to be said that he would more than fill his father's shoes, was "dead in love with Pixy Eecock," and that Pixy herself was nearly as "bad off" about him.

Pixy—whose real name was Maria Martha Caroline—was old Squire Eecock's only child. Naturally, he ought to have loved her better than all the world. As a matter of fact, he loved but two things better. One of them was his own way, the other his habit of conversation. He had never been known to leave off talking while any human creature would stand to listen. He was certainly, though, very fond of Pixy. Just after her came his creed. He was a Baptist, dyed in the wool.

Contrariwise, the Musgraves had been Methodists since the days of Wesley. They lived in a big white house, the biggest and whitest in Troy. Besides Jack, there was only one other son, who was studying for the itinerancy, and of whom the church-folk fondly prophesied that if only he lived long enough he would die a bishop. It was in some sort this youngster, Edward Musgrave, who had made the course of Jack's true love run exceeding rough. Usually the Methodist and Baptist flocks dwelt, if not in amity and comity, in a state of courteous neutrality that forbade touching upon each other's doctrinal shortcomings outside the church. With more zeal than discretion, Ned began to proclaim upon the street-corners his reasons for the faith that was in him.

Nothing else is so contagious as contention. Out of his speaking there had soon come a set debate between picked men of either creed. All the town churches depended on the country for a large part of their membership. So it is not strange that one of the antagonists pitted against young Musgrave was Pixy's father, and still less strange that, though he was not out-talked—nothing earthly could have accomplished that—he was so completely out-argued by the nimble-witted young polemic that he completely lost his temper, and vowed that neither Musgrave nor Methodist should ever again set foot across his threshold.

The debate came off in late March. Jack Musgrave waited a month, then asked for Pixy outright, and was sent unceremoniously about his business. He went, but first he said:

"I tell you, here and now, Squire Eecock, I mean to marry Pixy, soon or late. She loves me; I love her. All you have against me is that we don't see the way to heaven alike, and I should despise myself if I were so little a man as to give up the woman I love because you are unreasonable."

Pixy, when she came to know, said quite the same thing, though she comforted her father by adding:

"Yes, I'll marry Jack, but I'll do it right here at home. Catch me leavin' my father's house with anybody but my husband! You needn't buy a bulldog, pa, ner go get new locks fer the doors. I tell you, you couldn't chase me into runnin' away. But all the same you better watch out. I promised Jack to marry him before Christmas, an' I'm pretty good at keepin' my word."

The old man heard her in silence, smiling grimly. For the first two weeks he did "watch out" without ceasing. Then, as all things else kept their usual course, he fell back to his common orbit. His uneasiness had made him miss the May Court. It was, therefore, all the more imperative that he should be on hand in June. His mind, indeed, began to be thirsty for the small gossip of his kind.

The delight of it so beguiled him that it was near sundown before he thought of starting home. His horse, indeed, stood solitary at the rack in front of Looney's store, which was the biggest and the most various in Troy—a place where you could buy anything from a wedding silk to a keg of nails. Just across from it stood the tavern. A dozen men sat at ease upon the porch of it. They were, for the most part, outside lawyers and litigants, with one or two reckless country gentlemen who preferred squandering their hard cash for lodging and horse-feed, rather than ride the ten miles home, and back again in the morning.

Everybody there knew Squire Eecock. Most of them knew likewise the state of affairs between him and young Musgrave. He was a short, pursy man, wonderfully agile in spite of his figure, with little winking bright black eyes set either side of an enormous nose. He wore a Panama hat, beginning to turn yellow from long service, a clean coarse shirt utterly innocent of starch, an alpaca coat sagging very much at the front corners with the weight of things in the pockets, and rising correspondingly in the back until it showed the buckle of his tow-cloth trousers. Notwithstanding, Squire Eecock was a rich man. Besides land and negroes, he had at least fifty thousand dollars snugly at interest.

"Folks knows my sarcumstances, daughter. I reckon they kin put up with my looks. At any rate, they'll have ter do it," he said to Pixy when she begged him "not ter look so owdacious outlandish." There was really not a little pride in this outlawry of attire. More, indeed, than would have been required for elegent ostentation of his unquestioned prosperity.

A laugh went about the porch as he sprang heavily upon his meek black mare—a stout beast and well muscled. She had been fed, though her master had gone dinnerless. As the pair ambled past, one onlooker said to his elbow-neighbor:

"Do ye know why the ole Squire rides that critter 'stider any er the rest he's got? I tell ye—it's because she's such a fine stopper. He'cain't no more pass anybody he meets in the road 'ithout stoppin' ter talk tell they jes' have ter ride on an' leave 'im, than he can fly ter the moon. Fact! I've seen it tried many a time. Once he was summonsed as witness here in court, an' ef he wa'n't on time it meant fifty dollars fine. Jes' fer fun, two er three of us concluded we'd ride out an' meet him, like we wus goin' off somewheres. Well, sir, Joe's dead ef he didn't set thar on that ole black an' talk, an' talk, spang untel one erclock—knowin' all the time, too, that court met at ten. The fun of it wus, he paid the fine, an' never batted his eye over it. Ye see, he'd found out by that time how we'd played it on him. So, as he handed over the fifty dollars ter the clerk, he said, in that dry way o' his, 'I sorter count this yere missionary money: I'm payin' it fer the priveleege I had yistiddy er preachin' some sound sense ter er passel er fools that stands mighty badly in need of it.'"

"He sorter got us, that time," said another of the group. "But that ain't up ter the time he wuz goin' after the doc-

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tor. 'Twus fer ole Israel Penick, ye know. There wa'n't ra'aly never much the matter with him—at least there hadn't been—but he wus forever gruntin' an tellin' everybody that come how his son Moses wouldn't send fer no doctor fer 'im. Him an' the Squire's brother-Baptists, so of course he went ter the Penick place every now an' then. One day he found things jest a-b'ilin' thar. Mose wus away, with all the he-niggers, at er house-raisin', an' the ole man had fretted hisself so wild about not bein' took erlong, he wus right skeery ter look at. Mose's wife wus cryin' fit ter break her heart, 'Oh! oh! father's got a fit, an' nobody here ter go fer the doctor! Whut shall I do? Oh! whut shall I do?'

"Of cou'se the Squire couldn't stand that. He went gilpin—hard as ole Blacky could clip it. But jes' before he got ter the doctor's house he met Mose Penick, an' hollers out to him, 'Don't you stop me! it's murder ef you do! Yo' father's a-dyin'! Go home fast as you kin!'

"'Oh, I reckon not,' says Mose. 'Whut's the matter? Thar ain't no cholery anywhars erbout, an' he ain't got blood ernough fer appoplexy. I reckon sho' it's another false alarm. Pa's been dyin'—ter let him tell hit—somp'n like fifty years.'

"'Why, no, he ain't. I remember he wus the liveliest sort when I wus er lad-boy like, an' you wus too, Mose,' says the Squire. 'Don't you remember how he thrashed us that time we put the skeer-face on the knobbly-cow? It wus us that thought erbout dyin' then, not him.'

"Then Mose—I've heard him tell it many a time—Mose he winked at hisself good. He knowed he wus safe frum any doctor's bill. He had got the Squire off talkin', an' he'd keep on long as he choosed ter stay thar an' listen. He did stay tell jest about dark; then he ups an' says:

"'It's mighty good of you, Squire, ter be takin' so much trouble fer the ole man; but he mus' be either well er dead by this time; so jes' le's us jog home.' The way Mose tells it, the Squire cussed then—first time an' last he wus ever 'cused of such; but, la! you cain't never tell."

"It must 'a' been right down aggravatin'," said another of the group. "I tell ye, though, who's a dead match ter the Squire in lovin' ter talk—ole man Jack Dancy. Ef ever it happens that the two lock horns—well! thar'll be a mighty long wrastle before they git loose ergin."

"Ole Jack is one fer talkin'," still another admitted, "but he ain't so near up to the Squire's mark as ole Uncle Jimmie Doolittle. Ef he cain't talk the bark off of a tree, I never saw the man that could. That reminds me, I wonder whut kept him away from town to-day! He's the main witness Jack Musgrave has got in that land case he's makin' such a pretty fight over."

"Yes, an' he'll win it fer Jack, too," the first speaker said. "There ain't nothin' on the face er the earth Uncle Jimmie wouldn't do for the Musgraves, Jack in particular. I'm sure he got word somehow that he wouldn't be needed till to-morrow. The case comes first thing in the mornin'. Before it's done Uncle Jimmie 'll let the Court know that he remembers more about corner-trees and line-fences than all the County Surveyors we ever had. It's jest wonderful ter hear the ole feller when he gits started right."

"Yes, it is," said a tall man who sat with his chair tilted so far that he seemed momently in danger of tipping over. "I wonder how he manages now—you know he's sorter way-off kin to the Eecocks, an' useter think there was nobody at all like Pixy. It must be pretty rough on him, them and the Musgraves at outs as they are."

"Reckon it don't make no much difference. Pixy 'll hear all he's got ter say about Jack, an' glad of the chance," some one said from the end of the piazza. "I wouldn't be surprised ef Uncle Jimmie come in to-night," the speaker went on. "If he does—thunder an' lightenin'! What a chance!"

"Why! What on earth d'ye mean?" six voices asked at once. The only answer was a rapid scuttle of feet as a long, lean young fellow went laughing away to the stable, from which, a very little later, he galloped madly up the street and on toward the big white Musgrave house.

Warm light lay on the fields, though the woods were softly dusk, when Squire Eecock drew rein at the creek a mile away from town. The roofs of it behind him kept still a reddish glow. Birds sang hushedly in low, sleepy twitters from the hedge-rows, the taller thick coverts. Now and again the lowing of cows wending home to their bleating young came heavily across the scented summer silence.

The creek was clear and shallow, swiftly running in places, in other places spread to thin, lightly lapping pools. One of these lay just above the ford. Blacky, the patient, made to drink of it instead of the racing runnel that was barely hoof-deep. As she splashed ponderously into the still water, Squire Eecock raised his eyes and saw another rider coming hot-foot along the road facing him. He was older than the Squire, and lean and tall as the other was pursy. He had wide, full-opened blue eyes and a thin skin weathered to reddish gray. His horse was gray, too—a nervously thin, flea-bitten fellow, with blood showing plain in his slender legs and arching crest. He was moving at the fox-trot, that most delicious of gaits to any who has the enthusiasm of horsemanship. The motion was as unlike as possible to Blacky's cob-like amble. Yet she was unfeignedly glad to see the newcomer. In spite of her thirst she raised her head from the fair water and gave a low whinny of welcome, then stuck her nose deep in the pool.

"That you, Jimmie Doolittle?" Squire Eecock sang out, as the gray horse clattered into the ford. "About seventeen men been askin' me ter-day when you died an' whar you was buried! I told 'em—"

"You might 'a' told 'em 'bout the feller that got rich mindin' his own business," Uncle Jimmie interrupted. The Squire went on as though he had not spoken.

"Told 'em you wus might'ly like Dick's hat-band—so corn-tra-ry it went half-way round and then tied in er bow-knot. You oughter been here this mornin'—you jest oughter now, fer sho'. There's a new lawyer in that case—the Sally Ann Hooper land case, you know. He's on t'other side; sho's you're a foot high, he's goin' ter beat you all outer yo' boots. Beats all ter speak that ever I heard in all my born days. Thar woon't be ernough left er that thar plegg-goned Musgrave boy ter make er respectable grease-spot time this new feller's through with him an' you—"

"I want ter see him do hit," Uncle Jimmie said, succinctly. "I tell you right now, Squire, the man ain't been born that kin beat Jack Musgrave an' jestice both tergether. You see, yo' gredge ergin Jack so big you cain't see nothin' else, but mark my word—"

"This new feller—Paine his name is—he does beat all, fer jury-ways," Squire Eecock went on, wholly oblivious of the retort courteous. "Why, he's got more 'n eben ole man Turner had—Judge Turner, ye know—an' he could jest wrop any jury ye could skeer up in any er the dees-tricts eround his little finger. Did I ever tell ye erbout the time he got Bob Lucas off fer dog-stealin'? Ye see, it wus this way. Ole Tom Manson had er lead hound—er big, blue-mottled feller, that he thought more of 'n anything, exceptin' maybe his wife. Well, one mornin' the dog wus missin', an' the niggers said they seen Bob Lucas a-tollin' hit off the night before. Of co'se that didn't count much untel they went an' found Jupiter—that wus the dog's name, I remember—tied up, hard and fast, in Bob Lucas's yard. Bob an' ole Tom had quarreled that spring erbout—lemme see, what wus it erbout, now—"

"I know all that tale," Uncle Jimmie said, impatiently. "Why, man, it wus me that hung the fust jury three days an' nights. Ef I'd 'a' been on the second one, ole Judge Turner, ner nobody else, wouldn't never 'a' got Bob Lucas clear."

"Yes, yes! I remember—it wus you that ole Judge Turner called 'King Doolittle,' an' 'the unorganized ignorance of Jefferson County.' He—"

"Took it all back—when I met him at this yer very ford with a good big hickory stick," Uncle Jimmie said, dryly. "It's 'stonishin' how persuasive sech er thing looks—when thar's a good big man that ain't afraid behind hit."

"Ole Tom an' Bob, they fell out over Henry Clay an' Andrer Jackson," Squire Eecock ran on. "Lordy! but them wus times when men wus wuth believin' in. I've een-about quit believin' in anybody these days, less'n it is

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Ike Harris. He's one er the ole blue hen's chickens right up an' down. But he couldn't hole er candle ter Gentry, fust time ever I clapped eyes on him. 'Twus at er barbecue, in the year o' Governor's 'lection—I went ter it from my brother Ben's—he lives over in Dyer, an' we'd gone there a-visitin'. Pixy wus the least little trick then. My! how the women, that day, did hand her 'round ermongst 'em! Wife got right skeered, 'fraid somebody 'd steal the child! But no sech thought never entered my head. She did do the cutest things! Thar wus er preacher thar that day—look like he wanted ter eat her up. His wife didn't have no child, an', oh my! if she didn't look black at him. She wus one er the Shelby stock—p'ison jealous the last one of 'em—an' low-down in thar ways. I always did say ole Ned Shelby oughter been hung fer killin' that feller Brown—"

"H-h-h! 'Twus ole Judge Turner got him off too." Uncle Jimmie edged in, drawing the gray horse out upon the bank nearest town. The Squire at once reined Blacky beside him, flung a leg over to join its fellow, and sat leaning comfortably upon the pommel, not, however, losing a word throughout the arrangements.

"Brown's wife—his widder ruther—wus er clinker," Uncle Jimmie heard him say. At the same instant he heard also the sound of horses' feet, coming at the gallop, from towards town. Another road branched from the highway some fifty yards before it came to the creek. Evidently there were several riders. At the fork of the road they separated. Two of them went the upper route. The third came clattering upon the pair of talkers. As he dashed past he whirled his hat above his head and gave a laughing whoop. It was the tall fellow who had rushed away from the group on the piazza.

Looking after him, Uncle Jimmie said, with a grim smile, "Somp'n 'll happen somwhar ter night. Ned Wylie is the mischeeviousest boy! But ye can say this fer him: bad as he may be, ye never ketch him at no ra'ale low-down meanness, an' it's my opinion that ye never will."

The Squire rumbled on: "Thar ain't never no tellin' whut er woman will er woon't do. Now, Jemima Brown's—the widder's sister Marg'ret—it did beat the Dutch, the woody dance she led po' ole Cap'n Pegrum. He wus ten years straight a-courtin' her, an' she promisin' all the time ter marry him when this, that, an' t'other wus done—an' at the last, why, she ups an' runs off with er tree-peddler that wus lazy as er fattenin' hog an' ugly as home-made sin. 'Twus that way she got her come-uppance. Besides keepin' her po' as Job's turkey, he turned out ter be as mean as gyar-broth—fact is, the meanest man ever wus in the county exceptin', maybe, ole man Joe-Bob Armistead's son Joe. He'd 'a' cheated his own father in his dyin' hour. Reckon you never knowed erbout the fight he had with Tip Taylor. Ye see, they both wanted the same gal, Mary Blain, that uster teach school. Pixy did think the world an' all of her. She come from up No'th, but, bless your soul! she loved to be waited on same as ef she owned twenty niggers. As I started ter tell ye, little Joe-Bob an' Tip—you know Tip! not much bigger'n a picayune, but not afraid o' nobody, not eben ef he wus big as ole Golier—Tip an' him, they hitched an' hung one night at the meetin'-house—Salem church it wus—an' Brother McPounder holdin' er revival over thar. He's a preacher wuth talkin' erbout—he wus, ruther. I ain't never ra'aly got over losin' him in my feelin's, po' good man! He always uster be tellin' Pixy he'd ride a hundred miles ter say the ceremony when she got married."

"Humph! I never did see much in him. I'm bound ter say it, ef the man is dead," Uncle Jimmie said, sitting straighter in the saddle, his hands clinching hard about the reins. Evidently he was nerving himself for a tremendous encounter. The Squire was talking still, but as Uncle Jimmie raised his voice he stopped short and listened acutely while the other said:

"Besides, he wus so narrer. All you close-communion Baptis'es is sorter that way—you cain't he'p it, seein' whut you believe; but he wus the bigotedest one o' all that ever I run ercross, an' that's sayin' a heap, since I've erbout growed up amongst 'em."

That settled matters. A firebrand in stubble does not flame more fiercely nor more instantly than did Squire Eecock's controversial wrath. With a hoarse polemic roar the outrush of words began. Uncle Jimmie, too, threw his leg over the saddle and made ready for a long strife of tongues.

The moon climbed big and red up the dark world's eastern rim; it stood high and white in a midnight sky; yet still the argument went on. Great horned owls went hooting overhead; screech-owls cried, shrill and eerie, through the moonlit world; tree-toads sang tumultuously, and crickets cheeped; but not a note of all the sylvan chorus came understandingly to the ears of the disputants. Both spoke at once, and neither listened further than the word or two needed to set him off afresh. It was a contest of breath and endurance truly Homeric. Even the midnight cock-crow passed them heedlessly over, nor did they listen to the shriller clarions that heralded the dawn.

At last, when the east's pale, rosy radiance began to warm and brighten, the gray horse, restive this last three hours, reared and gave out a long, protesting neigh. Blacky gave him a sleepy look, moved her long under lip a little tremulously, and shook herself as one might shrug the shoulder when weary of profitless wrangling. Uncle Jimmie resumed his proper seat, and began to say over his shoulder, as he headed the gray toward town: "I ain't through more'n half I could say, Squire, but you know how it is: I'm bound ter help Jack Musgrave through, an' there's breakfast an' a heap o' other things 'tween this an' then—"

"Thanky, Uncle Jimmie! You have helped him through—the very tightest place that ever he wus in," Ned Wylie called behind him. Facing about, he saw that young man, laughing so that he could hardly sit upon his horse, and back of him Jack Musgrave and the Methodist minister, with Pixy between them, bare-headed, and brightly blushing as the face of the morning.

She rode straight up to her father, saying, with level eyes: "Howdy, pa! I told you I would, an' sure enough I did. Jack came out las' night with the preacher an' the license. Ned guessed you an' Uncle Jimmie would stay here some time, but we didn't any of us think it would be all night. So we got married fast an' tight first, then sent fer all the near neighbors to help us rejoice. We've been waitin' fer you to come, but you stayed so long we had to go—home," blushing prettily and dropping her eyes at the last word.

Squire Eecock drew a deep, gasping breath. Perhaps it was well for his daughter that he had spent the night through such a fire of wrath. At first he had looked furiously at young Musgrave; thence his glance traveled to Pixy's face, beautiful in vivid youth and love. Somehow the sight brought water to his eyes. He slid to earth and held out open arms. As Pixy sprang into them he said, very low:

"Daughter, you've beat me, fair an' square. You are my daughter, jest the same;" then over his shoulder to Jack, who had likewise dismounted, and stood holding out his hand: "But this I must say, young man: you cain't have my girl this way, like she wus nobody's child, with nary new frock ter her back. Let her come home with me, an' stay till she can have a weddin' wuth talkin' erbout. I don't want folks sayin' hereafter that thar wus anything done in er corner."

"Oh, the infare'll make up all the weddin' lacked, Squire," Ned Wylie said, before Jack could speak. "I sent word ter Aunt Mandy Musgrave, soon as the knot wus tied, an' I've got word back, since we started in, that thar never wus such doin's, since Troy wus a town, as they're gettin' ready fer us right now. The nine best cake-makers there have been at work all night; they're goin' ter adjourn Court soon as it opens, an' Mr. Musgrave an' the other lawyers have got a barbecue under way, to be eaten in the Court-House yard by everybody that comes. That ought ter satisfy you; but ef it don't—why, you jest pitch in an' call me all the hard names in the Bible an' the catechism. Next ter you, I'm the man most ter blame, an' so glad of it you might kick me an' I'd say, 'Thanky, sir!'"

"An', more'n all that, Squire," Uncle Jimmie said, his

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face all one flamboyant smile, "it sorter seems ter me you ain't got no call ter object. Seems ter me I've heard Baptis' doctrine sorter like this: 'Whut is ter be will be—whether it ever happens or not.'"

"Well, this seems more like free will ter me—free will that warn't my will," Squire Eecock said, grimly, with yet the shadow of a stealing smile.

The Spectator

The Minors

Under this title the Spectator does not refer to those who are under age, nor has he any reference to the somewhat plaintive key in music known as the minor. He has in mind what he may call the Minor Morals. For example, the Minor Veracities. The day is warm; the auditors (constructively so called) are a-weary, especially the more youthful portion. The Ornament of the Sacred Desk has elaborated his subject with adequate fullness; the people are wondering at his lack of terminal facilities. At last he says, "One word more, and I have done." A grateful smile steals over the features of the tender youth, not yet chastened by experience. The elders exhibit none of the enthusiasm of hopefulness; alas! they have been there before! The preacher proceeds—one minute—two minutes—five minutes—ten minutes; the children are learning a sad lesson.

❀

Again, honesty as to property. You receive a letter (the Spectator received one this morning), perhaps from a stranger, which necessitates a reply; but—no stamp. Not unfrequently the Spectator receives an inquiry or request, unaccompanied by stamp, from A. B. which involves writing to C. D. and E. F. and G. H., and sending each of them a stamp for reply, and then sending all their replies to A. B.; but—no stamp. To refuse the favor or the courtesy would seem churlish, and, besides, one cannot afford to have his mind engrossed with such very small affairs, especially when irritating. And so you submit to the larceny. Not seldom insult is added to injury, as when a person sends you a *postal card* with an inquiry or request that will involve several letters and as many stamps. A gentleman who was formerly clerk of a large association of churches has told the Spectator that it was a very common thing for him to receive from strangers a *postal card* in substance as follows: "I see that the pulpit of the St. Methuselah—or the St. Melchizedek—Church is vacant. Will you please to mention my name to the committee?"

❀

It is alleged that time is money. The Spectator is not aware who was the original author of this remark; but, oh! what robberies upon robberies are committed! There is some meeting of a Board; A. B. is required to make a quorum; by his failure in promptness he robs the assembled body of as many times the five or ten minutes, which measures his slackness, as there are members. A stranger comes in on your busiest morning to talk to you about something which interests him solely, and not at all you, to ask you to further some project of his. Observe, he does not first say to you: "Sir, will you, as a great favor, spare me five minutes of your time?" He wrenches it from you, he larcenies it, he burglarizes it.

❀

There is a multitude of ways in which people rob you of your pleasure in life. The other day the Spectator was sitting at a table where there was put before each plate an individual salt (which the Spectator regards as an invention of the Enemy of Human Happiness, and which the imperfectly bred are constantly thrusting their fingers into, while even the most civilized cannot help using their own knife to convey to their plate a portion of the saline dietetic. Give me sprinklers every time). A young lady amused herself with moistening her finger in her mouth, dipping it in the individual salt, thence conveying a few grains of the chloride of sodium to her mouth, and repeating the experiment *ad infinitum* so long as the period between courses allowed. She did not realize that she was depriving many persons of their appetite, which is expressly guaranteed to them by the Constitution.

❀

No one has more reason to complain of the violation of the Minor Morals than the children. It seems to be considered that they are not persons. Their choices, their aversions, are (apparently) created to be set at naught. They are commanded to kiss this person and that; it is thought a mark of great willfulness if they exhibit any reluctance; the proposed *kissee* may be repugnant to the last degree, may be lacking in the great virtue which is associated with soap and water; it makes no odds. And how often the parents or friends or even strangers wish to help the child with their own knife and fork, or from their own plate! Let us be thankful that the hideously filthy custom of taking snuff has largely passed away; let us record it to the credit of Napoleon (as mentioned by his latest biographer) that he usually only *smelt* of the pinch of snuff which he held in his fingers. But to return—a lady has told the Spectator that in her childhood she often visited an aged aunt, who sought the solace of the snuff-box, and who had by her on her work-table a basket in which she kept her very snuffy handkerchief. Once, when a strawberrying party was proposed, the aunt offered to the child this identical basket to be used in the strawberrying, and seemed grieved and offended that the offer was not accepted. It is supposed that because children are small, therefore their rights are diminutive and their feelings unworthy of consideration.

❀

There are numberless violations of morals connected with the use of tobacco. The Spectator has sometimes thought that there was some mysterious influence about this narcotic that carries with it an unconscious selfishness and disregard of the rights of others. The Spectator has in mind a man, a minister, not a bad man as things go, who persists in smoking, and keeping his clothing and his hair and his breath and the furniture redolent, while all the time the smoke is absolutely and literally a poison to his wife. Perhaps such an instance goes beyond the *minor* morals and comes under the *major*.

❀

Of course it is not to be expected that the Italian organ-grinders can know much about morals. They were presumably brought up under a religious system which one of the Spectator's friends, a very sincere but not highly educated man, entitles "Popanism." But have they any right to prowl about under the windows of unoffending citizens, "aggravating" our ears with their grinding and our feelings with their monkey, until their absence shall have been purchased with some small coin which is, after all, only a bribe to them to come to-morrow?

❀

Then there are all sorts of violations of good neighborhood, as by those who draw flies to the vicinage by their careless disposal of the refuse, or who beat their carpets in such a way that their neighbors get the dust and the possible germs and spores. Then there is the talking and singing into the hours of the night which, sounding through the thin partitions of the ordinary house, robs you of the best part of your night's rest. You are traveling on the cars, and have managed by unwearied effort to get into a drowse, when a thing under the semblance of a rational human being shakes you, and wakes you, that he may ask: "So! taking a journey, are you?" An experience on the cars this very morning impels the Spectator to add to the list of violated Minor Morals. We will suppose that you have passed threescore years; you have secured a seat in the street-cars on the way to your business; the car fills up; each seat is occupied; and now come in several females, reputable in garb and general appearance. You sit a while in meditation on your duty; at last unselfishness conquers; you select the least young and least attractive of the party; you rise and offer her your seat. And she? Oh, she takes the seat with a stony stare, with nor word nor smile of acknowledgment or consciousness. And you are left, as you stand during the remaining mile or two, to muse on the fact that virtue is popularly supposed to be its own reward, and you wonder if that is always the case.

Ah me! surely we need a sermon or two, not to say a treatise, upon the Minor Morals.

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The Home

The Summer's Opportunity

It is difficult for a mother whose mind is broadened by an inheritance of intelligence, by education, and by the culture of travel and the meeting of many minds, to comprehend the mental condition of the mother whose inheritance is ignorance, and whose environment only perpetuates that inheritance. So much of what we know is purely the education of environment, and unconsciously acquired, that most of us cannot understand the need for elementary training in lines that are closely allied to the most elementary knowledge needed by the ignorant mother.

Not long since the wife of a country blacksmith was talking to a woman of sympathy and comprehension from the city. The blacksmith's wife began complaining of the trouble it was to bring up her little girl, ending her complaint with the remark, "I have no time to bring her up; she ought to have some one to bring her up every minute." She had watched the mothers with nurses who came into the neighborhood in the summer, and had decided that the office of the nurse was to "bring up" the children without troubling the mothers. It would be a slow and painful process to make that mother understand that the nurse was provided in order that the mother might have more freedom to bring up her child; that she might have more leisure than she could have if she had to do the necessary work that caring for its clothing involved, and that waiting upon it implied.

This ignorant woman had all the elements that the careless rich mother has. Her housekeeping was reduced to the simplest forms: no table-cloths, no carpets, wooden chairs. She spent hours sitting on the piazza of her house with her hands idle—and her mind also, judging by her expression. Her life was a mere existence, and her type is all too common. The opportunity that an educated, sympathetic woman has to arouse such women and to change their standards is unbounded. The poverty and ignorance of the poor in the country are far more deadening and hopeless than poverty in the city. The altruist's greatest opportunity comes in the summer, when the home cares are laid aside for a time.

Chinese Homes

By Laura B. Starr

The exterior of a Chinese house has little to relieve it from barrack-like baldness save the picturesque long sloping roofs and wide projecting eaves, which all authorities agree had their origin in the tent of the early nomadic tribes; the "tent obviously consisted of a horizontal pole over which a fabric was thrown, supported at its ends by cross sticks."

The outer walls are stuccoed, and when not thus covered the bricks are occasionally rubbed smooth and pointed with fine cement. Instead of a broad cornice, the top is frequently relieved by a rather good arrangement of modeled work of painted clay figures in *alto-relievo*, representing a battle scene, a landscape, clusters of flowers, or some other design, defended from the weather by the projecting eaves. A black painted band, relieved by corners and designs of flowers and scrolls, is a cheap substitute used by the poor people instead of the carved figures. The ridge-poles have fantastic decorations of dragon heads, globes, etc. In Pekin the framework under the wide eaves of palaces is tastefully painted in green and gold, and protected by a netting of copper wire.

The house itself, which in case of well-to-do people consists of several suites of apartments, each quite separate from the other, all under one roof, is built around an open court like the Mexican *patio*, which is called "heavenly well." Smaller courts are often arranged between the different apartments, but all open into the large one.

These many divisions under the same roof are made necessary by the custom of keeping the women's apartments quite separate from those of the men, and the fact that two or three generations of sons often live together all their lives.

There is a general reception-room where visitors are entertained, a general dining-room for the men, and another for the women; but aside from these each set of apartments is quite shut of from the others. Such veneration is felt for the aged that every household is ruled by the oldest man and the oldest woman, each in their respective departments.

The doors—that is, the doors opening from one room to another, or from the rooms into the courtyards—are unlike Western doors in that they are often round, leaf-shaped, or semicircular apertures, instead of being rectangular. Frequently the circular opening is filled in with bamboo-work or handsome open-work carving, leaving only a small aperture for ingress and egress.

Neither doors nor windows, when the latter are used, are ever placed opposite each other, for that is believed to make an easy entrance for the evil spirits which the Chinese believe always to be ready to enter their homes and make trouble for them. The spirit is not supposed to be able to travel in any but a direct line, so that even though it should manage to effect an entrance into a room, its power to work mischief is reduced to a minimum if it can find no exit straight ahead of it.

An amusing superstition is connected with the outer wall or screen which is always built before the main entrance to a house. This wall or screen is built of wood or brick, is about six feet in length, and varies in height, but always reaches above the top of the door and is set a few feet in front of it. The Chinese believe that this keeps out not only evil spirits but the ghosts of poor relations who have died and who are supposed to be able to come back to the house to torment their friends either because they have not given them the proper amount of food, or to persuade them to pay the poor ghosts more attention; for it is supposed that the comfort and well-being of the dead depend upon the amount of care and attention bestowed upon their graves and memorial tablets by surviving relatives. Having made a square corner, which is impossible of turning to the evil spirit or ghost, the Chinese rest in peace night and day, feeling secure; though how they account for the bad luck that does happen to them occasionally, in spite of their precautions, I am at a loss to understand.

The principal room of a house is called the "guest hall," this being the room in which all guests are received and entertained. In all houses of any pretensions whatever these rooms are furnished alike—that is, there are the same number of chairs and of low couches, placed always in the same position. A tea-poy is placed between each pair of carved chairs, of which there are eight. The seat of honor is on the left of the host, who sits on a low carved couch placed near the wall opposite the door; this couch is long, and in the center is placed a low stand or stool for holding teacups and resting the elbows.

The furniture is always black wood, with colored marble let into the framework. Of course there is a variety in the way of design in carving and workmanship, but the same shapes are used for both cheap and expensive pieces. The dining-table is octagonal or circular in shape, and stands in the center of the room, under the most gorgeous lantern in the place; high carved stools with marble seats let into the frames are used instead of chairs. Lanterns of every description light up the room, and all the bronze and old china ornaments which the natives love so well are scattered about on small teak-wood stands.

If there is no room set apart for the ancestral tablets, they are found in the guest hall; before these and at the ancestral graves women are not allowed to worship, as men

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are, in reverential attitudes and by burning incense and making offerings of paper money. They may and do prepare the food, but only men and boys are worthy of entreating the spirits to come and partake of the feast thus provided for them.

The apartments of the women are in the rear of the house, the doorway leading to them being screened by heavy curtains; within these precincts no male relation, be he the most intimate, may enter.

The Chinese are very fond of inscribing quotations from their great writers on both the outer and inner walls of their dwelling; panel pictures thus inserted with rollers at each end are a favorite way of using them indoors, but the outside walls are often covered with Chinese writing which describes the fate of the wicked if he does not worship at the ancestral tombs and fulfill the law. They reverence the written or printed word, and will not allow scraps of paper thus covered to be carelessly destroyed; they gather all they see, and it is carried to the temple courtyard and there secretly burned.

The houses are but one story in height. The majority of the rooms have no ceiling, but end with the roof. A few of the better-class houses have ceilings that are arranged in squares; these are covered with plain white cloth or squares of embroidery.

The mat sheds put up each year on the race-course at Hong Kong have ceilings arranged in a very similar manner. The square of matting, or panels of wood, are decorated with Chinese art before being set in place, and the effect, in spite of the high coloring, is very good.

The rooms in the different suites of apartments are separated one from another by the carved wooden scroll-work for which the Chinese are famous. It is usually dark, and gives a very rich and handsome appearance to the whole interior, which is dull and dark—owing to want of windows—until the myriads of lanterns are lighted. The carving is sometimes gilded, and sometimes the wood is left in a state of nature with a high polish. Doorways are often half filled in with it; again, a low, deep frieze is seen all around the room. The women's apartments particularly are decorated with the carved work. Whatever can be imagined as contributing to pleasure and the support of luxury is to be found in the secluded quarters devoted to the women. The men of China say that upon entering the apartments of the women, they, like all good husbands, leave worldly cares and the remembrance of them behind on the door-mat, and take them up again when they go out. They visit these places for no other purpose than to drink deep from the full cup of pleasure of this life.

Screens are everywhere seen; they are carved of teak-wood and handsomely painted with various figures and devices. In some parts of the Dragon Empire bedsteads similar to our own are used; they are curiously carved, with drawers underneath and shelves for holding toilet necessities, all of which are hidden out of sight by doors which look like a beautiful screen. But the bed which the majority of people use, particularly in the northern part, is called a *kang*. It is built across one end or side of a room, is six feet wide, two or more high, with a facing of burnt brick all around the inside. In some of the better houses a coping of good strong woodwork is seen on the edge of the *kang*. This is heated by flues, and during the day is furnished with low chairs and tables, and they congregate here for warmth and comfort. At night the furniture is removed and the bedding put in place, and they sleep on the warm bricks. If the family have means, there will be a handsomely embroidered curtain drawn back from the front, or effective scroll-work arranged across the top.

The "heavenly well," or inner court, is furnished with ferns, palms, dwarfed shrubs, trees, and flowers, all growing in glazed china jars, each jar being set on a china stand from two or three feet in height; birds are kept here, and the place is as lovely and quiet as though it were far away in the country, while it is perhaps in the heart of a city.

The houses of the poorer people are built of bamboo, and almost furnished with that most useful material; chairs, benches, beds, and pillows are but a few of the articles manufactured from it. These homes are desolate-looking indeed; far more comfortable-looking are the little sheltered nooks on the boats which the boat-women call home.

How to Can and Preserve Fruit

For August

By Florence May Ferguson

PEACHES

Canned.—Cut in halves and peel *after* the pits have been removed, or peel and can the peaches whole, if the flavor of the pits is desired. Allow half a pound of granulated sugar and half a pint of water to two pounds of peaches. Boil together slowly until the peaches are tender. Have the jars thoroughly heated, place the peaches in, one at a time, until the jar is nearly filled, then fill to overflowing with juice, and seal as quickly as possible.

Preserved.—Cut in halves and peel *after* removing the pits. Allow seven pounds of granulated sugar to eight pounds of peaches. Put the sugar and the peaches into the kettle in alternate layers, and let them stand over night. In the morning add one cup of water; after heating through on back part of stove, bring forward and boil slowly until the peaches are tender; skim while boiling. Take out the peaches and boil down the syrup until it thickens when cooled; test it by cooling a little in a cup. Eight pounds of peaches when preserved make four quarts. Divide the peaches equally in the jars, and pour the syrup over them, but do not seal until the preserve is cold.

Pickled.—Peel and weigh. Allow four pounds of granulated sugar, one quart of vinegar, two tablespoonfuls of ground cinnamon, and one tablespoonful of ground cloves, to seven pounds of peaches. Mix the spices together and tie up in four or five little bags made of thin muslin. Place the sugar, spices, and vinegar in a kettle, and let them come to a boil. Then put in a layer of peaches and cook until soft enough to run a fork through; skim while boiling; remove the peaches and put in another layer. When all the peaches have been cooked, pour the syrup over them. If put into a stone jar, a small plate or some weight should be used to keep the peaches under the syrup; but they keep best in glass jars, sealed. Put one bag of spices in each glass jar.

WATERMELON

Pickled.—Use only the hard white part, cut into small pieces. Allow three and a half pounds of granulated sugar, one quart of vinegar, half a pint of water, two tablespoonfuls of ground cinnamon, and one tablespoonful of cloves, to seven pounds of watermelon. Mix the spices together and tie up in four or five little bags. Place the sugar, spices, water, and vinegar in a kettle, and let them come to a boil; then put in the fruit, all at once, as it will not break, and cook until tender. Put into heated jars, but do not seal until it is cold.

From the Day's Mail

Dear Outlook:

With my youngest boy I had much the same experience as "M. E. L." has had. If "M. E. L." will consult an oculist, I am confident she will find the eyesight defective. My boy at twelve could not read intelligibly. I took him to three oculists; two agreed, and I followed their advice. My boy, now fourteen years and a half, is advancing rapidly in all studies, including Latin and French; expects to enter in three years Yale College (academic)—at least his teachers expect him to.

J. R. L.

Dear Outlook:

Should letters of condolence be answered? M. V.

Yes; as soon as the receiver feels she can. The sender does not intend to impose a burden.

In a recent number of The Outlook reference was made to the Home Study Society of Boston, but no mention was made of the excellent Round Robin Reading Club, 4213 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa., which is designed to encourage study at home.

To several Inquirers.—The "sectional checker-board puzzle" can be bought at any large toy-store.

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The Vacation Fund

The letters that come from the girls who are the guests of our readers through this Fund are eloquent with appreciation, not only of the vacation, but because it is spent in a beautiful house. One girl wrote: "I would rather eat bread without butter at Cherry Vale than the best dinner I ever saw anywhere else, because the dishes are so pretty, and everything is done so nice." Another wrote: "I never felt so sorry that Mamie [her sister] is blind. I want her to see these beautiful rooms. Our room is lovely. Sometimes I think she feels it, she seems so happy." This blind girl and her sister have walked for almost a year through the shadow of death. The simple black dresses tell of an absent mother. "All the girls are happy here," she continues. There are thirty-five girls now spending their vacations at Cherry Vale.

Received since January 1, 1894, and previously acknowledged	$3,590 14
A. L. M., Brooklyn, N. Y.	2 00
A Friend	1 00
A Worker	5 00
Wage-Earner, New London, Conn.	2 00
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A Good Time

By Emily Huntington Miller

It was Barbara who thought of the beginning of it. The ending was the best part, but you have to have beginnings first, and there never would have been any part at all if it hadn't been for her. We're the minister's children, and there's an awful lot of us, so Saran Butts says. Saran is our hired girl, and I guess she's pretty old for a girl, but she's good—only washing-days, and baking-days, and Sunday mornings, and times when she scrubs the kitchen floor. That's the time she mostly calls us an awful lot. But she likes us, 'specially Barbara. Barbara's the oldest, and she's a dear, but she's lame, and has to go with a cane. It used to be a crutch, but she got over that. She never will get over the cane, because they had to do something to her leg, and I can't talk about that: it makes me all kind of choky in my throat. The twins come next. I'm a twin, and Larry's the other of me, but Saran says they might just as well be only one of us, and save clothes, because we always do just the same. Then there's Jessica and Dan and Marjory—that's all.

It's most a year now since papa had to go away to Europe because he got to staying awake nights instead of sleeping; and just when it was going to be vacation, and mamma was going to take us all to Long Meadows, she got a letter that grandma was sick, and she had to go right away. First along we thought she'd be back in a few days, but when you begin putting things off they most always keep on that way, and don't happen at all—I mean fun and good times, because the more you put off bad things the worse they get. When the letter really came to say that mamma couldn't come back, and we must be patient and cheerful, and get all the good we could out of our vacation, everybody felt pretty bad. Jessica and Marjory cried, and I guess I won't tell what I did and Larry, because Saran said we ought to have a good whipping instead of a vacation, and she just wished there was some way to make us 'preciate our mercies. After a while Barbara went out in the kitchen, and there was Saran, with her head on the table, crying as hard as she could cry. And Barbie found out all about it; Barbie always does. She kind of coaxes and comforts, and first you know you tell. We never thought about Saran having folks and wanting a vacation, but she's got a sister that's a dressmaker and sews in a shop, and she has to leave her two little children shut up all day in a little room. They had it all planned that when mamma took us to Long Meadows Saran was going to take these children somewhere in the country to have a real good time, and maybe the mother could get a vacation for a few days and come too. And now they couldn't do it, because Saran must stay and take care of us. After Saran told she wiped her eyes on her apron and said, as cross as anything:

"Don't stand there looking at me; I shall git used to it; poor folks has to put up with things the way they're fixed; but when I think of them poor babies and hear you children making a fuss about having to stay with this nice house and yard and garden, it makes me mad."

Barbie wrote a long letter to mamma that very day, and when the answer came she told us about her plan, and read us the letter. Mamma said: "I think you can get as much fun out of it as going to Long Meadows, but the way to make it a really happy vacation will be to try and see how much happiness you can get into it for others."

That was what Barbie thought of; trying to make good times for those little children up at Milltown. Saran baked us a lot of good things—little round apple pies, and ginger cookies, and bread, but that doesn't count because you have to have that anyway; and then she went to Milltown and got the children. We thought they'd be pretty, but they wa'n't a mite. The boy was about as big as Dan, but he had the slimsiest legs and arms, and the girl was older than Marjory and ever so much smaller. But you ought to have seen how proud Saran was of them. She brushed the girl's hair so slick you couldn't hardly see it, and Barbie said she sat up 'most all night to make some white aprons for her.

Out in our back yard there's a long grape arbor over the path, with seats on each side of it. Papa had the seats made so you could lift them up, and underside were boxes, all clean and dry. That was so Jessica and Marjory could play house out there and have a nice place to keep their dolls and things, and to put books in when you wanted to stop reading. Just a little way beyond the arbor was a splendid great oak-tree that you could climb up into, and seats almost in the very top. We used to have a board fixed with ropes so we could let it down and draw anybody up to the top, but you had to pull carefully or it would tip, and after Larry broke his arm papa thought we better not try it.

Well, Barbie had a man come and put up the tent that papa went camping with right beyond the end of the grape arbor, where the tree shaded it, and fix some bunks along the sides with nice clean hay in them, and we set up the camp stove, and had the camp chest with all the dishes and things, and we went to camping in the back yard. I tell you we had fun! The girls didn't want to sleep in the bunks, but Larry and me did, and Dan, and Ellsworth—that was Saran's boy. He was the pluckiest kind of a fellow. We thought we'd stand guard one night, and he had the first watch. When it came time for Dan to relieve him, Dan wouldn't wake up, and he just walked back and forwards 'most all night, till Larry happened to see him.

We dug an oven, and roasted corn and potatoes, and we made pancakes in a frying-pan, and learned how to turn 'em by tossing 'em up in the air, only we wasted a good many that way because sometimes they wouldn't come down in the pan, and once a real skwushy one came down on top of my head. But it was lots of fun, and Saran never scolded a mite, only washing-days and baking-days, and the time we took the red table-cloth for a banner. Barbara read us lots and lots of stories, and we all got tanned, and Ellsworth and Mina got over being so still and sober. And one day the milkman came out to see our camp. Saran knows him, and he said he'd bring his big market-wagon and take us all out to his farm to stay a week, and if Saran's sister could get away she might come too.

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And 't all happened that way, just like a story. We went out there in the market-wagon, and Saran's sister came too. She was so glad to see her children, and see how round their cheeks were, and how they laughed and acted like other folks, that she just kept on hugging them and crying. And Larry, he tumbled me over on the grass, and we rolled about till we got so's we could whistle, because when you see folks doing that way like she did, it makes you feel kind of queer. It was the jolliest kind of a place to stay, with brooks to wade in, and trees to climb, and woods with squirrels in, and no end of birds. Only, the barn was bigger than the house, and we boys all slept out there on the hay. Saran helped the milkman's wife, and every day they took us off somewhere in the big wagon, and we ate dinner outdoors. They had ever so many horses, and Saran drove, or else the milkman's wife, and when we met folks they thought we belonged to the circus.

When we went back, Saran's sister stayed with Ellsworth and Mina, because her time wasn't up yet, and the milkman said he guessed they'd keep the children a spell to liven things up.

But the funniest thing was when we got back. Saran just put her arms around Barbara and *hugged* her, and said:

"You're a blessing, Barbara Deering! Nobody else would ever have thought of it."

I suppose that's the trouble. There's lots of nice things you could do for other people if you only thought of it, but most times we don't think about anything but our own good times. Anyway, we all agreed that this was the jolliest vacation we ever had, and I believe your own good times are best when you bring other people into them. Larry says so, too.

Weavers and Voyagers

By Ella F. Mosby

The tribe of which I speak are weavers and spinners by profession. They are the oldest weavers on record, and their work—"threads of silk beaded with pearls"—is woven after a pattern that has come down as a priceless heirloom from creation. Their materials are so fine that one silken gossamer line is composed of several hundred threads twisted together. In the island of cinnamon-plant and cocoa-palm, Ceylon, lives the giant of the tribe—the biggest spider in the world. A black-looking, ugly fellow he is, six inches long, four and a half broad, and with legs from nine to twelve inches! But his work is lovely—a net of the finest yellow silk, glistening in the sunshine. This is not swung from corner to corner of a room or shady garden-wall; it bridges chasms and yawning fissures of rock, and needs to be strong as well as fine. So our spider makes his guys—a *guy* is a rope stretched tight to steady something—not only of many threads, but many webs of threads firmly twisted together. They are usually three, forming a triangular frame for the web. Those of the Ceylon spinner are from five to twenty feet long, and the golden net itself is from five to ten feet in diameter, for it is strong and big enough to hold lizards, small birds, and gorgeous butterflies with wide wings outspread like some great tropic flower.

Cobwebs (*cob* means a large spider, and *cobwebs* are spider-webs)—how dainty and graceful they are out-of-doors, sparkling with dewdrops or silvery frost-gleams on an early autumn morning! Some of the small field-spiders have most fairy-like and happy voyages. They have solved the secret of aerial navigation, and their ship-building is done with the swiftness of enchantment; with economy also, for their materials are spun out of themselves—as we spin our lives—by a process of evolution. There are hundreds of tiny tubes clustered at the tips of four little spinnerets at the end of a spider's abdomen, and the liquid silk comes through the tubes. She can expand these at will, spinning many separate threads at once, or press them together, making one. By a rapid twisting motion of her foot, which is covered with delicate, sensitive hairs, she can cover the thread with tiny drops like strung pearls, and these will stick to the wings and feet of her victims and hold them fast. She can also spin with lightning speed "a cloud of flossy white filaments" over her prey, covering it away for future use.

Her special use to mankind is in removing numberless stinging insects, but besides this work she has milder pleasures—she travels. Sometimes through the air; mounting to the top of a fence-post, as Mr. McCook has charmingly described, she spins long gossamer threads that float in the breeze and at last are buoyant enough to rise and float away high and swift, if the wind be favorable. The tiny spider still spins, now a sort of silken balloon or bag, in which she rests at ease, with long streamers floating out on every side. Does she wish to alight? She gathers the threads together in her powerful jaws—powerful in proportion to her size—and down she comes like a ball. Sometimes the voyages are over or even *under* water. One of the wall-spiders is a diver, and can stay under water more than half an hour, breathing from the pretty silvery bubbles of air held by the delicate hairs that cover its body. Some of them seem to spin a sort of raft on which their hind legs rest, while they use their front legs as oars—for they are provided with no less than eight. But these voyages are along shore; more ambitious voyagers spin their rafts swiftly, and add to these long, fluttering silken sails that catch the wind and carry them skimming over the smooth waters gayly and speedily.

Is not this a creature of independent resource, weaving bags and traps, homes and railways, rafts, air-ships, and sailing-vessels, to whom air, earth, and water are common highways, and all without a cent's outlay for material or assistance? This is the lesson of the lower life, such as that of a jelly-fish or an insect—independence. This is first and needful; it makes a foundation or base; but, rising higher to man's life, a nobler lesson is added—co-operation, or mutual aid.

A Prize Offer

The following is a copy of an essay on George Washington, written by a girl in a secondary class of one of the public schools of Philadelphia. It was meant as a serious effort:

I will tell you the story in History of George Washington, George Washington was born Feb. 12, 1726.

He was educated at West Point, and after graduating served in the Mexican War.

When the French and India War broke out he was made Captain, and General and Major and performed many imported services.

In 1759 He rezined and married Mrs. Martha Acusta, and went to live on his estate at Mt. Vernon. In the Virginia Legishlature, of which he was a member, he took the part against the oppression of England. In 1843 he was Elected President of Congress and took an active part in Public affairs. He fought many battles and finally captured General Lee and his whole army, April 9th, 1865. He finally surrendered at Yorktown, under Lord Cornwallis, and the war ended 1760. Thus he owes the liberty to us, and he is called the father of this country. The constitution having been adapted, George Washington was made President of the United States. He served two terms, but refused to serve a third term, having taken a severe cold from a ride in the rain. He died at Mt. Vernon, aged 67 years.

This composition was printed in the Philadelphia "Ledger." The Outlook will give the prize of a book, not to cost over one dollar and a half, to the boy or girl under fourteen who will send in the most perfect correction of the above composition, and a second prize of the same value to the boy or girl who will send in a list of the events to which the writer of the composition refers, but which she has wrongly put in connection with Washington.

A third prize of the same value will be given for the best composition on George Washington, having an equal number of words with the above. The papers must all be in by October 15.

The winners will be given the privilege of choosing their books.

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For the Little People

The Vine-Fairy

By Mary F. Butts

It was a morning-glory vine. Tommy Pratt planted the seed one day in May. "It will never come up," said Tommy; "it is only a dead black thing!"

"It looks dead," said Mamma Pratt, "but there is a fairy inside of it."

Tommy opened his eyes wide. "How can she get out?" he asked.

"The earth-fairies and the water-fairies help her," said mamma.

Tommy went many times a day to look at the place where the seed was planted. For a long time there was no sign of the vine-fairy. The little boy was discouraged. "The seed is dead," he said, "just as I told you, mamma." At last he forgot all about it. But down in a little cool, dim bedroom the fairy in the seed was asleep. All this time the earth-fairies and the water-fairies were as busy as they could be. After a while the black husk of the seed burst apart, and the seed-fairy awoke.

Soft little voices were calling, "Come up to the light! Come up to the light!" So the seed-fairy climbed as fast as she could, and very quickly pushed through the brown roof of her bedroom into the light. Ah, then what a glad little fairy she was, indeed! How fast she grew! Before long Tommy spied her out, and then there was great rejoicing. Papa and mamma and big brother and sister all went in procession to see the newcomer. It was very fortunate indeed that some generous little raindrops came down to help the vine-fairy about that time, for the kind sun-rays were just a little too warm.

"How wonderful this growing is!" said the vine-fairy one day to a great purple pansy that had just arrived.

"Oh, you don't know anything about it yet," said the lovely little lady. "Wait till you begin to bloom; that is something worth while!"

"What is it to bloom?" asked the vine-fairy.

"Oh, no one can tell you. You must learn that by growing."

❀

The Birds' Lawn Party

The birds of the woodland, in soft summer weather,
Once gave a lawn party, 'way down in the heather.

Their neat invitations were written, you see,
On the prettiest leaves from the prettiest tree,

Then daintily tied with a fine silver thread,
And gracefully hung round a carrier-dove's head,

Who sped on his mission with joyful glee,
And delivered each note with an "R. S. V. P."

To flowers and insects and plants, one and all,
Were sent invitations to attend the grand ball.

The night soon arrived, and the moon shone so bright
That the birds sang together in happy delight.

The Bullfrogs and Tree-toads, who lived very near,
In new coats of green satin were first to appear.

Then followed musicians, a numerous band,
Who were led by Mosquitoes from Cedar Swamp Land.

The Beetle came in with Miss Grasshopper Green;
Then Crickets and Flies were the next to be seen.

That the Wasp and the Spider, both stylishly dressed,
Were the most graceful dancers, by all was confessed.

There were Robin Redbreast and dear Jennie Wren,
Causing all of the Magpies to chatter again.

And the Nightingale, too, in a loving refrain,
Was wooing the Dove, his old sweetheart, again;

While lingering near, in a blackberry-bush,
Was the silver-tongued Linnet, and fair bride, the Thrush.

Now who do you think were the chaperons there?
Why, the three Mrs. Owls, from Dismal Swamp Square.

The flowers and plants, though the last to appear,
Wore the loveliest costumes of any one there,

With just one exception—the Butterflies gay,
Whose costumes are made by the fairies, they say.

The Daisies were peerless in robes of pure white,
And their proud, happy mothers looked on in delight.

The Buttercups followed, of riches untold,
For each was arrayed in a gown of pure gold;

And the Clovers looked sweet in pale pink and white,
As they merrily danced in the moon's silver light.

The Rosebud, the fairest, and queen of them all,
Was acknowledged the belle of this beautiful ball.

The music was charming, the feast was quite grand;
There were sweetmeats enough for all guests in the land.

For each little flower who daintily sups,
The fairies served dewdrops in lily-bell cups.

The dancing continued, the merriment too,
Till the moon became weary, and softly withdrew.

The Fireflies said they would serve in her place,
Since the moon had so selfishly hidden her face.

Then the three Mrs. Owls from guest to guest flew,
Said, "The moon has retired; I think we must, too."

The Fireflies came with their swift-flashing light,
And escorted the flowers and plants home that night.

All the guests bade adieu, and their homeward way wended,
From the nicest affair they had ever attended.

—*Child Garden.*

❀

The Right Way

It is a pleasure to have a kind thing done for you, but sometimes the pleasure is greatly lessened because what it costs to do it is told. This story told of a little boy shows the spirit in which we should do kind things:

A man met a little fellow on the road carrying a basket of blackberries, and said to him:

"Samuel, where did you get such nice berries?"

"Over there, sir, in the briers."

"Won't your mother be glad to see you come home with a basket of such nice, ripe fruit?"

"Yes, sir," said Sammy; "she always seems glad when I hold up the berries; and I don't tell her anything about the briers in my feet."

❀

Runaway Sophie

By Clara J. Denton

You have often seen a pretty little calf tied under a shade-tree, and perhaps you have felt sorry for the calf because it could not go wherever it wished.

I know a cunning little girl who has to be tied to a tree just like a calf.

"Oh," you say, "they fasten calves up because they run away and get into mischief, but little girls know better."

Yes, some little girls do, but I am afraid this one does not.

They call her "Runaway Sophie."

Although her mamma allowed her to go anywhere on a large and well-shaded lawn, and gave her many beautiful toys to play with, she was not content, but would run away, far beyond the sound of her mamma's voice.

One day she was gone a whole hour, and as she is so very little, her poor mamma thought some dreadful thing had happened to her.

So she said to herself: "I want Sophie to be out-of-doors in the fresh summer air, but I cannot run after her so much, neither can I watch her every single moment; and as she will not obey me, and stay on the lawn like a good child, I must treat her just as they do the foolish little calves who do not know enough to do as they are told." So she tied her up with a long rope. The knot is a very hard one, and Sophie cannot untie it, although she tries very hard to do so.

She has her dolls and her toys all about her, but she is tired of them. She picks all the dandelions near by, and wants to get those that are farther off, but she cannot quite reach them.

Isn't it a pity that a dear little girl cannot be trusted to run about freely?

Of course *you* never run away!

❀

Something Must Grow

All must work, with head or hand,
For self or others, good or ill;
Life is ordained to bear, like land,
Some fruit, be fallow as it will.

—*Lord Houghton.*

❀

Her Opinion

A small girl was looking out of the window and exclaimed: "See those young ones!" pointing to where some little girls were playing in the soft mud of the gutter.

"Can't you say children?" asked her mother, in a correcting tone.

"But they are not, mamma," said the child. "The little girls that go to my kindergarten and keep their faces clean are children, but those dirty ones are just *young ones!*"

❀

Tennis

He had a racket, and she had a ball,
And they played at tennis, wee Nell and Paul;
But which won the game we never could tell,
For "Bofe of us beated!" said Paul and Nell.

—*Youth's Companion.*

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Sunday Afternoon

Burden-Bearing [1]

By Lyman Abbott

Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ.—Galatians vi., 2.
For every man shall bear his own burden.—Galatians vi., 5.

These texts seem to be contradictory. One declares that it is the duty of every man to bear another's burden, and the other declares that every man must bear his own burden. I do not think it is necessary, however, to go, as some of the commentators have done, to the original Greek and find out that there are two different words rendered "burden," and so to harmonize them. The harmonizing lies deeper than that. The contradiction is apparent, not real; verbal, not vital. As in a great many other cases, the whole truth can be stated only by antithetical and almost self-contradictory statements. In fact, the man who is most faithful in bearing his own burden is the man who is most generous and ready to help bear the burden of another.

Let us look a little at the context. Paul is declaring the law of liberty. He declares that life is a conflict between the spirit and the flesh; he points out the works of the flesh, such as adultery, fornication, uncleanness, and the fruits of the spirit, such as love, joy, peace; he puts the two in sharp antagonism, one with the other; then he goes on to say: You are living the spiritual life, you are pursuing the things of the spirit, you are trying to cultivate these fruits—love, joy, peace; if one of you be overtaken in a fault, if one of you fail in this, do not be angry with him, do not cast him out, do not arouse any indignation against him; no! try to restore him, endeavor to put him back again into the path of righteousness; and do not do this in a patronizing way, do not do it as one who is his superior, but do it in a spirit of meekness; remember yourself, that you also may be tempted; fulfill the law of Christ and bear one another's burdens. And then he amplifies that a little further: If you do it in a patronizing way, if you think you are all right and he is all wrong, if you think yourself to be something when you are nothing, you won't deceive him, you won't deceive other people, but you will deceive your own self; now, do not do that; remember that you are a sinner, that you are imperfect; remember that your work is to be proved and tried, remember that you have a burden to carry, remember that you will want some one else to help you bear your burden and restore you from your fault.

With this brief word of interpretation, I wish to open up these two verses in a few familiar and simple applications.

I. The first duty of every man is to bear his own burden.

Fidelity precedes, in the order of logic, if not in the order of time, generosity. The simpler virtues come first. The first duty of every man is to take the burden of his own life and bear it bravely, faithfully, and well. The burden of support, for instance. You have heard it said, The world owes me a living. The world owes no man a living. Every man owes himself a living. The first duty of every man is to provide for himself, and then to provide for those that are dependent on him. This precedes contributions to the church; it precedes contributions to benevolent enterprises; it precedes every giving of money. If a man provide not for his own household, says Paul elsewhere, he is worse than an infidel. The first duty of man is to be industrious, and to make that industry such as will provide himself and then those who are dependent upon him with the conditions of material advantage, convenience, prosperity—I do not say luxury. And the man who undertakes to throw this burden off generally gets a far heavier burden in the place of it. If you had asked, a few weeks ago, an impecunious man in Columbus, O., to take a letter for you to Washington, and walk all the way, and had told him that if he would do it you would give him his food and his lodging while he went, he would have rejected your offer with scorn; but a few hundred men, under General Coxey, did make exactly that march from the center of Ohio to Washington, and got their food, after a fashion, and their lodging, after a fashion, in order that they might try to get something for nothing when they got to Washington.

There are some pious men whose piety all oozes out in prayer and talk. I have known some persons, who at least thought themselves to be saints, to whom I very much wanted to preach a sermon on this text:

> Neither did we eat any man's bread for naught; but wrought with labor and travail night and day, that we might not be chargeable to any of you: not because we have not power, but to make ourselves an ensample unto you to follow us. For even when we were with you, this we commanded you, that if any would not work, neither should he eat. For we hear that there are some which walk among you disorderly, working not at all, but are busybodies. Now them that are such we command and exhort by our Lord Jesus Christ, that with quietness they work, and eat their own bread.

The man that is without employment is entitled to our pity and our compassion; but the first duty of the man that is without employment is to bear his own burden; he is not to stand idle in the market-place all the day long and say, Because no man hath hired me. The responsibility is upon him to find something to do; if he cannot, then he is entitled to our largest sympathy and our most helping hand. But the man who stands and waits for something to be given him—he is entitled to this text: If any man will not work (that is, if any man has not the will, the purpose, the determination to work), neither should he eat.

So it is every man's duty to bear the burden of government. In a free commonwealth, organized upon principles of democracy, every man's duty is to bear his own burden. I believe the problem of taxation is considered by political economists to be one of the most perplexing problems. One of the reasons why it is perplexing is because everybody is trying to have somebody else taxed and get free himself. I see it said in some newspapers that a tariff does not tax Americans, but taxes foreigners. I do not know whether that is true or not; but if it is true, it is an argument against the tariff, not in favor of it. We ought to tax ourselves and support our own government, and not ask somebody else to support it. What is true for the Nation is true for the individual. All attempts to put a tax on one class and take it off another class are a violation of this fundamental principle of moral ethics: Let every man bear his own burden. Every attempt by any man, rich or poor, to get out of the burden of taxation that properly belongs to him as an individual is a violation of this fundamental principle of ethics: Let every man bear his own burden. You cannot get out of it without putting it on some one else to bear.

What is true of taxation is true of the duties of citizenship. What is the trouble with New York? What has been the trouble with Brooklyn? They tell me it is that the Irish are governing our cities. I would like to know why; they are not the majority. They tell me it is the foreigners that are governing. Why? They are not the majority. The majority in New York, native-born to foreign-born, is a large one. It is because the men whose duty it is to take the burden of citizenship have not taken it; and so somebody else has. Whenever the citizens of Brooklyn, whenever the citizens of New York, whenever the citizens of this country, desire to take the burden of citizenship upon themselves and fulfill the duties of citizenship, the way is open before them. It is the fault of the respectable, cultivated, wealthy, intelligent classes that government is not better in America than it is. Our government is as good as we deserve.

Every man should bear his own burden of sorrow. When the burden comes upon him, he has a right to expect sympathy from his friends; he has a right to expect help and fellowship from those that are near and dear to him. But no one has a right to carry his gloom into others' lives; no one has a right, because he is walk-

[1] Sermon preached at Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, N. Y. Reported by Henry Winans, and revised by the author.

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ing in a shadow, to shadow the paths of those about him. That is my objection to the wearing of mourning. I do not mean to the wearing of every form of black, but to the wearing of that kind of black that says to everybody, "I am in grief." I object to it, not merely because it is pagan, not merely because the comfort and the joy and the hope of Christianity are not symbolized in it; I object to it because in its essence it is selfish, because in its essence it gives notice to every one, "I am in trouble," and so rolls off a part of that trouble upon others' shoulders. When sorrow comes to us, let us receive into our hearts' closest recesses our friends; let us even ask them to watch by our side while we wrestle in our garden of Gethsemane; but let us not throw the burden of our grief on other hearts.

I see from the newspapers indications that suicide is on the increase. I am not sure whether this is true, or whether it is only true that the newspapers are more enterprising and we get more widespread reports than we used to. But every suicide, unless he is insane, is a coward; and every temptation toward suicide is a coward's temptation; for when a man faces bankruptcy or shame or ignominy of any kind, and goes out of life by his own hand, he rolls that burden off upon a wife, upon a child, upon a friend, upon a home, upon some one else, to bear for him; he runs away and leaves the poisoned arrows to pierce other hearts. The suicide is a coward.

This is our first duty: to bear bravely, heroically, courageously, nobly, each one his own burden.

I am speaking this morning, I presume, to not a few who have just been entering the Christian life. I want to say this to you, first of all: Your first duty is to stay right where you are, do what you are doing in the spirit of courage, in the spirit of heroism. It is not to seek some great thing, or accomplish some great service, or rush out into some great field: it is to do your duty where you stand.

In the village of Cornwall some twenty years ago we tried to organize a Village Improvement Society—and the village needed it badly enough. We met week after week; I think we spent about three months in framing a constitution and by-laws; and by the time that was done the society had died, and the village remained in its original condition. Years went by, and then, on a certain public occasion, one of the leading citizens of the village urged that each man improve his own door-plot; and one man did it; and then another man, and then another; and little by little the village began to pick up and look more neat and attractive; and now from one end to the other the village is thriving and attractive, without any Village Improvement Society at all. Each man has improved his own little plot. There is a sense in which it is true that every man must look out for number one. The first duty of every man is, industrially, to be prosperous, to provide for his own home, to meet his own exigencies, to face his own griefs, to carry his own troubles, to cure his own faults —and the last is not least of all. If every wife who is trying to cure her husband, and every husband who is trying to cure his wife, would stop the operation, and all the husbands would devote their energies to curing themselves, and all the wives devote their energies to curing themselves, the homes would be a great deal happier than they are to-day.

II. But if charity begins at home, no true charity stops there. And he who thus takes up the burden of life, and undertakes to carry it faithfully and truly, will also find himself led to bear the burdens of others. "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ." If you want to know what Christ's law is, read Christ's life. If you read that life with these texts in mind, I think the first thing you will mark as you read was that he bore his own burdens; he never repined, never grumbled, never complained, never attempted to roll the burden off on any one else. Except for one passing incident, we never should have known how poor a man he was. He never complained of his poverty; but one day a man came to him and said, I will follow thee whithersoever thou goest—because he thought Christ was going straight into his kingdom, and they that followed him were going to share his throne; and Christ replied, The foxes have holes, the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head: will you follow me? If it had not been for that incident, we should never have known how poor he was. He never complained. He came one day to a village in Samaria, and the Samaritans would not admit him, nor give him their hospitality, and the disciples would have even called down fire from heaven. Christ replied, You do not know what spirit ye are of: the Son of man came to save life, not to destroy it; and then he went to another village. He made no complaint; he bore the sense of shame and inhospitality without a word of grumbling or fault-finding. When the last hour came, and he was facing Caiaphas's court and Pilate's court and the hour of the crucifixion, if ever the time was when a man needed men about him to stay him and strengthen him and buoy him up, that was the time. But he calls his friends about him that he might strengthen and comfort and buoy them up; he asked no aid, and said naught of the suffering, save as it was necessary to prepare them for the sufferings that were to come upon them. He bore his own burdens.

But he bore the burdens of others also. He took their sorrows, their infirmities, their burdens. And it cost him something. When he healed men, virtue went out of him. When he chased the traders out of the Temple, men said that the zeal of the Father's house had eaten him up. When he went to the grave of Lazarus, it was not as a prince that holds in his hand a gift that costs nothing; he went to grieve, groaning within himself and weeping tears of sympathy, his own heart wrung with the sorrow which he shared. And so he left this message also for his followers: That they are to bear one another's burdens. Every man shall bear his own burden of poverty and need; and yet when need stands empty-handed at his side, this is what Christ says: "Whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain; give to him that asketh thee; and from him that would borrow of thee turn thou not away." We are not only to bear with the sorrows of others, but to bear their sorrows away from them. This is what Paul tells us: "Blessed be God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort, who comforteth us in all our tribulations, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God." When sorrow entered your home, when death came to your side, when the loved one was taken from you, when your own heart was thrilled with anguish, it was God's instruction to you; and this burden was laid upon you that you might be able to enter into other homes, carrying the light and the comfort and the consolation which in your Christian life and your Christian experience you ought to receive from the Father of comfort. Is it not strange—but it is so—there are homes in Brooklyn from which God is shut out? He knocks and knocks, and no hand opens the latch and lets him in; if you were to go, the doors would be open, and your coming in might bring your God with you. And so you and I are to bear the sin of others, the greatest burden of all—not bear with them; not merely bear with them—no! bear them off, lift them up, carry them away, bear them in order that you may bear away the burden from their soul.

We are as those that march through a wilderness, and each one carries some burden on his back—of toil, of sorrow, of sin; and in this caravan some go grumbling and complaining all their life because of the burden they are bearing, and some try to get their burden off slyly on to another's shoulders, and some bear bravely their own burden, and march uncomplainingly on; but some—the noblest of them all are they who stand erect, bearing their own burdens, then creep up behind others burdened like themselves, and put their shoulders beneath the burden of their fellows, and lift it, lightening the load. Blessed are they who know how so to bear their own burdens as joyfully to bear the burdens of others also.

NOTE.—As Lesson 9 of the Bible Study Union is a Review, we print no chapter in Dr. Abbott's "Life of Christ" this week.—THE EDITORS.

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The Religious World

The Summer School of Theology at Oxford

By the Rev. Amory H. Bradford, D.D.

The second Summer School of Theology, under the direction of Principal A. M. Fairbairn, at Mansfield College, has been an unqualified success. The attendance has been between three and four hundred, and of that number about fifty were from the United States. The other attendants were largely ministers from the smaller towns and rural districts of England—the very class whom Dr. Fairbairn most wishes to reach and help. Three hundred of the most eminent ministers of Great Britain would have made a more distinguished audience, but with such an assembly the chief object of the School would have been defeated. Those who have attended have represented almost all of the denominations of Christians in England. There were, it was said, seventy Primitive Methodist ministers sent by one layman of that denomination. Among those present from the United States have been Drs. G. C. Lorimer, G. A. Gordon, N. Boynton, and Rev. H. A. Bridgeman, of Boston; Dr. G. H. Ide, of Milwaukee; Professor Francis Brown, Dr. J. M. Whiton, and several others from New York and vicinity; Professor F. B. Denio, of Bangor; and quite a large number from the West.

All the lectures have been of a very high order, although some of them have not been well delivered. Professor Sanday is one of the ablest men in this great University, and the matter of his lectures is superb, but his delivery, to say the least, is not adapted to a large audience. Professor Massie, of Mansfield College, who has also spoken on exegetical subjects, is far more attractive as a lecturer. Many of the lectures have been wretchedly delivered. It should be said that the commons room of Balliol College is not adapted to such gatherings. The lectures which have attracted most attention have been those of Professor Seth, of the University of Edinburgh, whose theme was "Modern Philosophy and Theism;" those of Professor George Adam Smith, of the Free Church College, Glasgow, on "The Preparation for Prophecy;" and those of Principal Fairbairn on "The Philosophy of Religion." Others were equally valuable, but not quite so popular. Professor Bruce, Professor Orr, Principal Simon, and indeed all who spoke, held the undivided attention of large audiences to the end. The sermons by the Rev. George A. Gordon, D.D., of Boston, and the Rev. John Watson, of Liverpool, were both fine, although entirely different. Dr. Gordon gave a noble and eloquent presentation of the great truth that true views of God, and those alone, will unify the practically contradictory ideas which prevail concerning matter and spirit, concerning the individual and society, concerning life here and life hereafter, and concerning divisions among nations. All Americans felt that they were most worthily represented on this most important occasion. The Rev. John Watson spoke on "Devotion to a Person—the Dynamic of Christianity." While his sermon was by no means so strong as Dr. Gordon's, it was in its way quite as remarkable. In the first place, it was refreshing to hear a simple and evangelistic sermon on such an occasion; and, in the second place, without being at all sensational, the sermon was picturesque, illuminating, and inspiring. We advise Americans who may spend a Sunday in Liverpool to hear John Watson. Sunday was one of the very best days of all the week, and both sermons were appropriate, able, spiritual, and helpful.

The study of the Bible was accorded a large place in the programme, and nothing could have been finer than Professor George Adam Smith's enthusiastic and glowing presentation of the subject of prophecy. His last lecture, on "The Homiletic Value of Prophecy," will make itself felt in the preaching of all who were present. He does not fail to recognize the difficulties which arise in a study of the Old Testament, but insists on the superlative value of the spiritual residuum which remains after criticism has done its work. This leads me to say that, while all the lecturers were fully abreast of the latest investigation, not one destructive note was sounded. Everything was positive and constructive. The Scotch Presbyterians who lectured would not fare very well in the hands of a body like the last General Assembly at Saratoga, but they are standing where the Presbyterian Church in the United States will surely stand in the early years of the twentieth century. Principal Fairbairn, as usual, was both strong and eloquent. He is surely without a superior—if he has an equal—among theologians of the English-speaking world. Speaking always without notes, and with great force, his lectures sometimes seem like massive and masterly orations. In one of them he paid a glowing tribute to Hegel, saying that, while he differed from him in many and important respects, he still believed that no man had ever risen to a loftier height when treating the philosophy of religion. The influence of Hegel on Principal Fairbairn is distinctly visible, and by him gratefully acknowledged. Dr. Fairbairn's lectures are so condensed that it is difficult to quote from them, but here are a few sentences from the one on "The Factors of Evolution in Religion:" "Transcience of form is permanence of religion;" "Just as the nature grows, the religion grows with it."

In a very grand way he brought out the thought that, wide as is the difference between a fetish and God—infinite, omnipresent, eternal—yet the affinity been those ideas is greater than their difference, since both are the highest expressions of religion which those holding them have yet reached. He also declared with great force that the difference between Romanism and Protestantism, between sacerdotal and free systems of religion, is at bottom a difference in conceptions of God. Again, he said: "Nature which is around is the garment of Deity; the reason which is within is his seat."

The final lecture was on "The Causes of Variations in Religions." It was most suggestive of all. In speaking of other religions than the Christian, Dr. Fairbairn found the chief cause of variation in environment. The Greek was surrounded by abundant and various beauty in the natural world, and to him divine power was in nature, and thus the Greeks came to emphasize the immanence of God. The Hindus carried the same tendency even further, and became pantheists in a still more positive sense than the Greeks. The Semitic people lived where nature was barren and there was no suggestion of Deity by fertility or beauty. The Semitic people, therefore, conceived of God as a person, but always as one transcendent and awful. This thought was elaborated with great power, as was also the other thought that man is naturally religious. "He is religious, not because he chooses to be, but because he must be." Of course religion in the sense of which he was speaking was natural religion, and not to be confounded with acceptance of God as revealed in Christ. Christianity unites both the divine immanence and the divine transcendence.

It is to be hoped that some of our American seminaries may induce Dr. Fairbairn to repeat these lectures in the United States before they are published.

But, after all, no description of the Oxford School would be at all adequate which left Oxford itself out. There is no other city like it. Here are gathered much of the noblest architecture and the most finished culture and the richest achievements of the world. Here are the very colleges in which the men who have made England great were trained, and to them for a fortnight came ministers from all parts of the world, not only enjoying the lectures, but living in this unparalleled environment. The question is often asked why we do not have such a school in the United States. The reply is very easy. We have no Oxford there, and we have not the English climate. It is cool enough here for comfortable work in the summer. With us heat makes much intellectual labor impossible. We may condense the characteristics of the Summer School as follows:

It has been fully abreast of the times.

The profoundest subjects have been treated with no dread of the result. There have been here no truths too sacred for reverent inquiry.

All the lectures have been positive and constructive, and those who have listened have been touched by no weakening influence. On the other hand, everything has tended toward the deepening of a positive and fertile faith.

The atmosphere of the place from beginning to end has been spiritual, and the lectures have not been much if any better attended than the morning devotions in Mansfield Chapel with which the exercises of each day began.

Perhaps none of the lectures except those of Principal Fairbairn have been really great, but all have been perspicuous and inspiring.

Among the forces of our time which are stimulating the "forward movement" which is so evident both in Great Britain and the United States, few are playing a larger part than this Summer School, and in that movement no man is more evidently a leader than the Principal of Mansfield College.

It remains only to say that the thoughtful care of Mr. Norman H. Smith, Bursar of the College, has added much to the comfort of all attendants at the School. His courtesy has been unwearied, and his plans for the pleasure and profit of all who have been present were not too well rewarded by the very generous testimonial which was presented to him at the closing meeting.

The Summer School of Theology at Mansfield College ought to be continued in the future on the same broad basis as in the past. Here Congregationalists, Anglicans, Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, Unitarians, and men of many phases of faith have met and studied and conversed and prayed together, and realized that they were in reality *one*. If the School has no other result, it will at least do much

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toward hastening the time for which all true Christians are praying, when those who bear the name of Christ shall be no more divided, but shall move together for the advancement of his kingdom on the earth. The motto of Oxford University is "*Dominus Illuminatio Mea*"—"The Lord my Light"—and it has been actually, if not nominally, the motto of the School, whose one object seems to have been to make more real and vital faith in the living God.

The Moody Bible Conference

The opening sessions of the Bible Conference at Northfield last week abounded in interest and gave sure promise of a pleasant and profitable week to follow. We have already outlined the main features of the meetings and the subjects upon which the audiences will have the pleasure of listening to Mr. Moody, Messrs. F. B. Meyer, A. J. Gordon, A. T. Pierson, David Gregg, R. A. Torrey, and other famous men.

On Wednesday, in opening the new Auditorium, a picture of which The Outlook has before this printed, Mr. Moody said that the building would not be dedicated until it was paid for. He added that some of his friends had told him that the building was too large; but every building which he had erected here had been too small. "God had gone far ahead of his facts," he said. "For once I thought I would take a long step ahead." The principal address of Wednesday was by Dr. David Gregg, who answered affirmatively the two questions: "Have we the book which God originally gave, and may we call a translation of the original book the Bible?" On Thursday Mr. Moody preached with even more than ordinary fervor and vigor on the Atonement. On Friday Dr. J. M. Gray presented a valuable synthetic study of the Epistle to the Romans, and on Saturday the same speaker treated the subject "Repentance." Other principal speakers were the Rev. Drs. T. S. Hamlin and A. T. Pierson.

Gleanings

—The twelfth Baptist Congress is to be held at Detroit, November 13–15.

—Salvation Army Commander William Booth will arrive in New York on October 20 and hold jubilee revivals in all the barracks in the United States.

—It is stated that the Sultan of Turkey is sending, at his own expense, missionaries to spread Islamism in Africa, with a view of checking the advance of Christian powers.

—The Czar of Russia has presented to the Monastery Panteleiman, on Mount Athos, a great bell weighing 30,000 pounds. The inscription says that the bell is to commemorate the saving of the imperial family at Borki on October 17, 1888.

—Under the will of the late Mary Stuart, of this city, between three and four millions of dollars have been distributed among religious, charitable, and educational societies. The largest legacies were $220,000 each to the American Bible Society, the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church in the United States, the Presbyterian Hospital in the City of New York, the Trustees of the Lenox Library, the Board of Church Erection of the Presbyterian Church, and the Trustees of the Theological Seminary of the Presbyterian Church at Princeton. The bequest to the Lenox Library was made on condition that the trustees agreed that the library should always remain closed on Sunday. The gift was accepted on this condition. In addition to these, twenty-seven well-known charitable institutions received $59,230.77 each, and many others received smaller sums.

—The Roman Catholics of Brooklyn are being roused by the work of the Brooklyn Young Women's Christian Association, and have started an organization in Prospect Place of that city called the Catholic Woman's Association. Its organizers have been personally visiting and studying the various branches of the work carried on by the Young Women's Christian Association for two months, and they have stated that they mean to model themselves as nearly as possible upon the Protestant organization. Father McCarty spent an afternoon recently at the Young Women's Christian Association building, going into all of its class-rooms, and getting all the information possible about methods of work. This practical demonstration of real Christian union encourages workers along these lines to hope that before long the example of Father McCarty will be followed in other cities.

—An Albany correspondent writes: "An event of more than ordinary interest among the churches is the invitation of the Fourth Presbyterian Church, Albany, N. Y., to the Rev. B. Fay Mills, the distinguished evangelist, to become its pastor. Mr. Mills has accepted the call for one year. The pastorate of this church was recently vacated by Dr. A. V. V. Raymond, who succeeded to the presidency of Union College. The call was a very earnest one, and extraordinary pressure was brought to bear upon Mr. Mills to induce him to accept. In view of the fact that Mr. Mills has been separated from his family most of the time for the last eight years, while engaged in evangelistic work, and as his three sons have reached that age when they need the constant presence and intelligent direction of the father, he has thought seriously for some time of accepting a brief pastorate. He goes to Albany as a pastor to the Fourth Church, but he has no purpose of abandoning the evangelistic field permanently. He accepts the call with the understanding that he is to have ten weeks of this year in which to fulfill some important evangelistic engagements. It is quite in keeping with the spirit and history of the Fourth Church to secure the services of a pastor dominated by the evangelistic spirit, for this powerful church was founded by that noted evangelistic pastor, the Rev. Dr. Kirk."

—The "Evangelist" this week announces the result of the vote recently taken among the Presbyterian Sunday-schools of the country to determine the "best hundred books for a Sunday-school library." These lists were so collated as to show how frequently each book was mentioned. "Ben-Hur," by Lew Wallace, leads, appearing upon ninety-one per cent. of the lists. "Stepping Heavenward," by Mrs. Prentiss, follows close upon it. The third in popularity is Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," and the fourth is "In His Name," by Edward Everett Hale. Among other well-known books are: "Schönberg-Cotta Family," by Mrs. Charles; "John Halifax, Gentleman," by Miss Muloch; "Black Beauty," by Anna Sewall; "The Wide, Wide World," by Miss Warner; "Uncle Tom's Cabin," by Harriet Beecher Stowe; "Little Lord Fauntleroy," by Frances Hodgson Burnett, and "Ramona," by Helen Hunt Jackson. A surprising fact is the absence of many authors long associated with Sunday-school literature. No books appear, for example, by "A. L. O. E.," or E. P. Roe. As the library is for scholars between the ages of twelve and seventeen years, the story-books with a moral have it largely their own way. The "Pansy" books, by Miss Alden, are the greatest favorites as a class, no fewer than twenty of them gaining places among the One Hundred. The books by Miss Alcott, Kate D. Wiggin, and Margaret Sidney are also prime favorites. Poetry, biography, history, and moral philosophy find but little place. But the character of the fiction is, the "Evangelist" thinks, notably high, both as regards its moral tone and its literary merit. Of the one hundred volumes, eighty-five were written by women.

Ministerial Personals

CONGREGATIONAL

—M. M. G. Dana, recently of Lowell, Mass., who has been preaching at Montclair and Bloomfield, N. J., is to supply for the united congregations of Westminster Presbyterian and South Congregational Churches, Brooklyn, L. I., through August, in the latter's building, corner of Court and President Streets.

—Edward M. Noyes, of Duluth, Minn., has received a call from the First Church of Newton Center, Mass.

—V. E. Harrington, of Andover, Mass., has been called by the church in Belchertown.

—G. W. Osgood, of the First Church of Newburyport, Mass., has resigned.

—J. G. Rodges, of the First Church of Ogdensburg, N. Y., has resigned.

—J. A. Dwight, of Wellfleet, Mass., accepts a call to West Concord, Mass.

—R. B. Mathews was on July 24 installed as pastor of the church in Newcastle, Me.

—N. J. Nelson has become pastor of the church in Wood Lake, Wis.

—J. M. Merrill, of Ashland, O., has resigned.

—George Harris accepts a call to the Second Church of South Chicago, Ill.

—William Anderson, of Iron City, Mich., has resigned.

PRESBYTERIAN

—W. A. McPherson, of Charlevoix, Mich., accepts a call to Three Rivers.

—H. C. Herring, of Winterset, Ia., accepts a call to the Hyde Park Church, Chicago, Ill.

—F. P. Berry has resigned the pastoral charge of the First Church of Kansas City, Mo.

—W. C. Merrill has become associate pastor of the First Church of San Francisco, Cal.

—H. G. Mendenhall, of the Greene Avenue Church of Brooklyn, N. Y., has resigned.

OTHER CHURCHES

—John R. Thompson, D.D., of Meriden, Conn., has accepted the call of the Nostrand Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church of Brooklyn, N. Y.

—J. G. Lewis has resigned his charge of the Episcopal church at Findlay, O., and goes to St. George's Church, Toronto, Canada.

—John Munday has resigned the rectorship of Trinity Church, Alpena, Mich., and accepts a call to Port Huron.

—E. O. Taylor, of the Bunker Hill Baptist Church of Charlestown, Mass., has resigned.

—Edward Niles has become pastor of the new Dutch Reformed Church at Gardner, N. Y.

—Wheelock Parmly, pastor emeritus of the First Baptist Church in Grove Street, Jersey City, N. J., died on August 1, in Roslyn, L. I., at the age of seventy-eight. He had been pastor of the Grove Street church for forty years.

—O. A. Wanker died at Princeton, Ill., on July 30, aged eighty-seven. In 1850 he was made Presiding Elder of the Joliet district, and later of the Ottawa, Ill., district. For more than fifty years he was one of the leaders in the conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

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Books and Authors

St. Francis of Assisi [1]

The career of Francis of Assisi proves that the heretic of to-day may become the saint of to-morrow. Francis died at the age of forty-four, after having accomplished what few men have done in fourscore years of a lifetime. He lived also in a period of intense activity. We cannot agree with M. Sabatier that the whole extent of the Middle Ages was an organic period in the life of humanity, but it is clear that the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries were in their spirit and purpose more organic than critical. Few lives so far removed from our day have so much documentary testimony clustered about them, but most of these documents have been awaiting a critical examination. To this task Pastor Sabatier has given serious and laborious attention, with the purpose of showing us Francis the man, the message-bearing prophet, the mystic inflamed with the love of the Eternal, the great socialist of the Catholic Church. M. Sabatier succeeds in translating hagiography into biography, pious romance into real history; and the history is both wonderful and pathetic, a poem and a gospel. Of the biographies of the Saint our author employs least that of St. Bonaventura, because it was a compromise, and because it erases the lineaments of the man and substitutes those of a conventional saint. The works of Thomas of Celano and of others are summarized by M. Sabatier, with a key to explain what they omitted and what they contained in their accounts. To the important episode of the Abbot Joachim, M. Sabatier gives scant space. Joachim and his followers taught that Francis was the Jesus Christ of the thirteenth century, the Saviour of the world, who was veritably crucified for men. The Joachimites were condemned, but the affair shows the end to which a popular social movement inspired by religious enthusiasm is in danger of tending. In his critical study of the history of Francis, M. Sabatier does not furnish us with a complete bibliography of the subject, but refers us to the "Répertoire des Sources Historiques du Moyen Age" of the Abbé Chevalier. The task he selects is simply to examine with care, but without pedantry or technical minutiæ, the original material. There is only one portion of these hundred pages that calls for our special attention, and that is the part where the author establishes the authenticity of the works of St. Francis, and the genuineness of the autograph letter of Francis to Brother Leo. Francis did not interest himself in literature, nor did he care much for books. Ten years after the foundation of the Order, there were neither archives nor library, and the only book in the possession of the Order was the New Testament. This St. Francis gave one day to a poor woman, that she might sell it for bread.

The biography of Francis Bernadone has been written by M. Sabatier in a limpid style, free from any appearance of straining after rhetorical effect. It is a piece of sober and serious historical work, which commands the respect and confidence of the student. The picture of the life and thought of the times reminds us of the qualities of Masson's "Life of Milton," although it does not go so far afield as Masson's monumental biography. The thirteenth century, which is so far removed from us in time as in character, had affinities to our own times. In Italy, especially in northern Italy, trade was the basis of society. Every citizen was enrolled in a guild. Mammon-worship and snobbery were rampant. Even those who prated of "love and the gentle heart" were far from democratic to their fellows of lesser birth and wealth. It appears that Francis's father was as sordid as the old merchant in Augier's "Le Gendre de M. Poiret." Francis was seized with a passion for poverty. He went directly in the face of the spirit of the age, but that spirit had almost spent its force. The times were ripe for the new social and commercial teachings. The better part of the world was weary and disgusted with the godless competition of trade and with the arrogance of the leisure class. After a little contempt and abuse the cause of the poor grew mightily. The man Francis was on fire with divine charity. His mission grew stronger within him, and clearer. This thought inspires his psalm, "In Foco l'Amor," which embodies the idea of the words of Jesus, "the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force." Even more does the passion of mystic love intensify its expression in "Amor di Caritate." The text of these two beautiful hymns M. Sabatier might have given us, at least in an appendix. The text, amended, he does furnish of the most remarkable of St. Francis's works, the "Laudes Creaturum," or, as it is commonly called, the "Canticle of the Sun." The "Canticle of the Sun" may be read in the collection of the "Opuscula of Saint Francis," gathered in the seventeenth century by Wadding, and printed in the folio of Jean de la Haye, Paris, 1649. The "Canticle" is introduced by a note, the beginning of which we translate: "A few years before his death God worthily assured him of the glory of the beatitude that awaited him. Immediately he burst forth into praises wherein he extolled God in His Creatures. Among all these the sun is of such surpassingly fair splendour and creative might as to be the worthy similitude of God, Who, indeed, is named the Sun of Righteousness, wherefore he entitled this 'The Canticle of the Sun.'" The psalm itself shows curiously how Francis was thoroughly saturated with faith that the world is filled with God, that everything is divine, even as the bush burned with the fire of God and was not consumed. The original text, which Renan supposed to be out of existence, has been established by Monaci, and is given in this volume. Wadding's text is found to be hopelessly corrupt. The following is a line-for-line translation of this, one of the most famous spiritual hymns of the world:

O most exalted, omnipotent, good Lord,
Thine be the praises, the glory, the honours, and every benediction.
To Thee alone, most exalted, are they due,
And no man is worthy to name Thee.
Praised be Thou, my Lord, with all Thy creatures,
Especially Sir Brother the Sun
Who gives daylight, and Thou shinest through him;
And lovely is he, and radiant with vast splendour;
From Thee, O Most Highest, derives he his signification.
Praised be Thou, my Lord, for Sister Moon, and the stars;
In the sky hast Thou fashioned them bright, and precious, and fair.
Praised be Thou, my Lord, for Brother Wind,
And for the air, and cloudy and fair and every weather,
Whereby Thou dost give to Thy creatures their sustenance.
Praised be Thou, my Lord, for Sister Water,
Who is very useful, and humble, and precious, and chaste.
Praised be Thou, my Lord, for Brother Fire,
Through whom Thou dost illumine the night;
Lovely is he, and jocund, and stout-hearted, and strong.
Praised be Thou, my Lord, for our sister, the Mother Earth,
Who nourishes and rules us,
And produces various fruits, with grass and tinted flowers.
Praised be Thou, my Lord, for those who through love of Thee forgive,
And endure infirmities and tribulations.
Blessed are they who shall endure in peace;
Who shall not from Thee, O most Highest, be without their crowns.
Praised be Thou, my Lord, for Sister Corporeal Death,
Whom no man living can escape;
Woe to those who die in mortal sin;
Blessed they who find them in Thy most holy will,
For them the second death shall do no ill.
Praised and blessed be my Lord, and thanked,
And served with deep humility.

After reading it we understand how the lovely saint could in all devout seriousness go forth and preach to the beasts, birds, and fishes, as the Fioretti and other accounts relate. There is only one more point in this book which we have space to notice, and that is the attitude of M. Sabatier towards the stigmata of St. Francis. The story goes that once Francis, when rapt in devotion, had the vision of a six-winged cherub come flying from heaven. Francis was lost in intolerable rapture, and when he recovered from his swoon he found his hands and feet

[1] *Vie de S. François d'Assise.* Par Paul Sabatier. Librarie Fischbacher, Paris. *Life of St. Francis of Assisi.* By Paul Sabatier. (Translation.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.50.

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and side marked with the bleeding wounds of Christ's passion, and these marks remained upon his body to the day of his death. Our author enters into no scientific examination of the subject of stigmatization. The possibility of the effect of soul or mind upon body to produce such a result is now admitted. The only question is as to the fact, and this M. Sabatier considers to have had adequate testimony. Concerning the character of the Saint himself, our author's severe and drastic historical method leaves St. Francis none the less admirable, none the less lovable. Possibly Francis was a greater man than he himself knew, but he was a great man. In some ways he was as distinctly modern as General Booth and Henry George; on other sides of his character Francis remained always a child of his age, a mystic, a miracle-worker, a visionary, and an extreme ascetic. Out of the new spirit which Francis evoked came the new world of thought which found voice in St. Bonaventura's "Itinerary of the Mind to God;" came also the art of Giotto and the political freedom of the communes. The revival of religion that followed upon the preaching of Francis and the Franciscans did not repeat itself before the days of Whitefield and Wesley. What the men of his own day thought of "Poverello," the dear little poor brother Francis, may be known from their saying when Cimabue's painting of him was exhibited. Vasari tells us that the people were comforted when they saw that picture, because they saw in it "*un certo che più di bonte*"—"a warrant that there was a little more good will in the world."

Probably *Sacerdotalism, if rightly understood, the Teaching of the Church of England*, by W. J. Knox Little, M.A. (Longmans, Green & Co., New York), is as good a book as one can lay hands on to get a clear, connected, and absolutely radical statement and defense of the doctrines and practices of the extreme High Church and Ritualistic party in the Episcopal Church. How many of that Church in this country hold these views in this extreme form it is difficult to say—we suppose a minority, perhaps only a small minority; but the book is valuable as indicating the direction in which the High Church party is tending. The volume frankly denies that the Anglican Church is a Protestant Church; cuts it off wholly and absolutely from all Protestant bodies; unites it doctrinally and historically with the Roman and Greek Churches; and insists on a practice and doctrine which differ from those of Rome chiefly in not conceding the infallibility of the Pope. Mr. Knox Little defends auricular confession as morally obligatory, fasting communion as desirable, the non-communicating adoration of the wafer, the Real Presence in a form hardly distinguishable from Transubstantiation, the sacrifice of the mass, the supernatural power and authority of the priesthood, the authoritative interpretation of Scripture by the Church, not to say its authority to supplement Scripture by its own traditions, and the doctrine that the Church is a Society founded by Christ, with special authority conferred by him upon it and handed down by the successors of his appointees to the hierarchy of the Greek, Roman, and Anglican communions, who constitute one Catholic Church. Mr. Knox Little is a thorough partisan, and partisanship is never consistent with scholarship. He not only ignores the canon that Scripture is to be interpreted as literature, but he is apparently ignorant that there is such a canon. He not only ignores the interpretation of the communion as an Oriental symbol of a covenant perpetually renewed, but has apparently never even heard of that interpretation. He would seem never to have read Macaulay's famous passage on the Prayer-Book and the Thirty-nine Articles as the product of a compromise, nor can he entertain, even for the purpose of discussing it, the proposition that there have always been two parties, a hierarchical and a Protestant party, in the Episcopal Church, and that each can find in the literature and history of that body some support for its own views. His interpretations of Scripture appear to us unscholarly, and his interpretations of history unhistorical; and his readings of the Prayer-Book are avowedly un-Protestant. His book is a reincarnation of the spirit of Laud. We desire to avoid anything that approximates that abuse of opponents in which he so freely indulges, but we confess ourselves utterly unable to see why he and those who agree with him do not return to the Roman Church. He indicates no such difference in either doctrine or practice from that Church as would justify the schism. The Protestant Episcopal Church has a splendid history behind it, and a splendid future before it; so have the Puritan churches. But the body of doctrine represented by this volume has no adequate justification for existing apart from Rome.

The Sphere of the State; or, The People as a Body Politic, with Special Consideration of Certain Present Problems. By Frank Sargent Hoffman, A.M., Professor of Philosophy in Union College. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.) Professor Hoffman starts his consideration of the sphere of the State with a clear and careful sketch of the true conception of the State. Like all profound thinkers on the subject, he finds the State to be neither an accidental condition nor an arbitrary contrivance, but a universal necessity of the human life. A man is born into it as he is born into his manhood, and can no more be divested of the one than of the other. In the oft-quoted words of Aristotle, "The State exists by nature, and man is by nature an animal living in States." More particularly, the State is the organic unity or the living brotherhood of mankind. Every member of it—as is true of every living organism—is a fellow-member of all the rest. Each is dependent for his own welfare upon the welfare of all, while the welfare of all is equally dependent upon the welfare of each. No one liveth unto himself. In the true conception of human society no good nor ill can come to human beings anywhere without bringing good or ill to human beings everywhere. All laws and all procedures of government are to be tested by this grand principle. They are good and wise only as they set each person in the place and give to each the work which the organic unity requires. This principle Professor Hoffman applies to the solution of some of the most important political problems of our times. Such problems are the responsibility of the State for education, ownership and control of property, corporations and their place in the State, transportation in its relation to the State, the State and taxation, the State in its relation to money, the treatment of criminals, the State in its relation to the poor, the government of cities, the family from the standpoint of the State, the State and the Church, and the State in its relation to other States. On all these points Professor Hoffman shows ample knowledge and sound judgment. His style is clear and forcible.

As a balladist and as a sonneteer, Mr. Hugh McCullough, Jr., has every claim to consideration. It is, however, when he is drawn to the classical themes which inspire his longer poems that he is most attractive. Indeed, the title of his volume, *The Quest of Heracles* (Stone & Kimball, Cambridge) is significant, to a certain degree, of his general taste and of his style. "The Quest of Heracles," "Hermaphroditus," "Antinoüs," and "Phaeton" are the most important of the poems included in this book, and, without betraying any notable originality of treatment, they are extremely well done. Mr. McCullough has the poetic feeling, the poetic perception, and a considerable mastery of the poetic form. His work shows fine training, delicate perception, and high standards. There is in it much of that inspiring directness, simplicity, and strength which comes from long and loving study of Homeric legends. There is more than this. Who will not feel a sure sympathy with this writer from out our heavily-laden end of the century, who, amid all the richness of complex but burdensome life, turns back to the childhood of the world and finds there his lullaby for age-weariness? He does so, and the very fountain of Hellenic youth seems bubbling in his lines:

When he departed it was early spring;
The sea and earth and heaven were serene,
And joyousness clothed every living thing
As with a garment. Yet the breeze was keen—
A little fearing, as it seemed, lest heat
Should still men's ardor, parch the foliage green
Ere Summer's fullness made their lives complete.
A kind of expectation filled the air;
Uncertainty, that made the world-heart beat
With longing as for some possession rare.
A part of all the world was in his heart
When he began his journeying, a share
Of Nature's confidence serene, a part
Of her great longing to achieve the deed
His soul was bent on, by his strength and art.

—

We believe that those who have to preach, and in any public way to teach, religion will find *Christ the Orator; or, Never Man Spake like This Man*, by the Rev. T. Alexander Hyde (Arena Company, Boston), a stimulating and helpful book. It contains things new and old, put in manly and spiritual manner; in fact, the work is singularly free from worldliness. Whatever some may think of the title, it surely expresses an aspect of the work of Jesus which has not been much dwelt upon. There are some excellent bits of analysis, and fine flashes of insight, with some deplorable rhetoric, in the book.

Under the odd title *Mr. Picket-Pin and his Friends*, Mr. H. Price Collier has written a lively and picturesque account of the

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present condition of the American Indian. "The real Indian," says Mr. Collier, "has been bayoneted out of the red man, and there remains for the most part the skulking, lazy, loafing, soup-kitchen-fed redskin of the Indian Reservations." Of the future he has little hope; the past, he thinks, has been a long record of mistakes and crimes as regards our dealing with the Indians—"they have been nursed into incompetency and weakness by too much legislation, too much philanthropy, and too much sectarian rivalry." The book as a whole is interesting and unconventional, often amusing, and generally acute. (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.)

It is getting to be pretty clear that Archdeacon Farrar is beating the fine gold of his thoughts very thin. His last book that comes to us, *The Lord's Prayer: Sermons Preached in Westminster Abbey*, by F. W. Farrar, D.D., F.R.S., lacks spontaneity and power. It is trite. The sermons, as sermons, may have been effective; often sermons that sound well do not read well. That Dr. Farrar knows. But there are inconsistencies—as, for example, in the homily on "Deliver Us from Evil"—that a little reflection ought to have kept out of a printed book, if not out of a pulpit discourse. Sermons should be exceptionally good to call for preservation in book form. (Thomas Whittaker, New York.)

Grizzly's Little Pard, by Elizabeth Maxwell Comfort (Thomas Whittaker, New York), is one of those stories for young folks which the author of "The Little Heroine of Poverty Flat" knows well how to write. They are full of life, and with never a touch of morbidness. They are better than the ordinary Sunday-school pabulum, because the onward sway of the story is not stopped by sermonizings. The tale points its own moral and preaches its own sermon.

Hints to Small Libraries, by M. W. Plummer, a small book published by the Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, is a most practical help to librarians. The suggestions as to receiving and entering books, as to cataloguing, to shelf-lists and inventory, binding, registration, the charging system, reference-room work, the reading-room, and as to selecting books, will be eagerly welcomed by the superintendents of small libraries everywhere.

Literary Notes

—The new novel by "G. Colmore" (Mrs. Dunn) will be called "The Silent Pools."

—M. Victorien Sardou is at present working on a new drama which is to bear the significant name "Louis XVII."

—M. Gaston Deschamps, the well-known literary critic of "Le Temps," has just put forth a book, "La Vie et les Livres."

—Mr. Ruskin's "Harbors of England," with illustrations by Turner, which has been out of print since 1876, is about to be republished, with an introduction by Mr. Thomas Wise.

—Max O'Rell's forthcoming book on the British colonies is to bear the suggestive title, "La Maison John Bull et Cie." It will be issued simultaneously in London, New York, and Paris.

—M. François Coppée, the French poet, says that large sales are no sign of merit, and instances the Abbé Delille's books, which once sold by thousands, while now nobody can be induced to read them.

—Miss Kingsley, the daughter of Charles Kingsley, has been lecturing in London. Her sister, Mrs. Harrison, who writes under the pseudonym of "Lucas Malet," is about to bring out a new novel. Her last romance, "The Wages of Sin," was published four years ago.

—The United States will be represented on the staff of contributors to the new Dictionary of the Bible, planned by the late Professor Robertson Smith, by Professors Toy, Francis Brown, and G. F. Moore. The Dictionary is to be edited by Professors Cheyne and Sutherland Black.

—Mr. Gladstone has promised to write the introductory chapter to a life of Sir Andrew Clark, for many years his physician and friend, and to whom he owes some of his wonderful latter-day strength. It is to be hoped that the narrative of Sir Andrew's early struggles will be fully given.

—An illustrated monthly magazine will be started next November in France on the same lines as our great monthlies, and will be called "Le Monde Moderne." Each number is to contain a hundred and sixty pages of letterpress and about one hundred illustrations. The price will be put at a franc and a half (thirty cents).

—The third centenary of Tasso's death will be celebrated on April 25 next year at Sorrento, Ferrara, and other Italian towns associated with the poet's life. The leading living authority on Tasso's life and work, Professor Angelo Solerti, hopes by that date to have finished his biography, which will contain photogravures from all portraits of Tasso and many new details from hitherto unpublished manuscripts.

—A translation is announced of M. Jusserand's "Histoire Littéraire du Peuple Anglais." The author's methods being totally distinct from Taine's in dealing with the same subject, it is a peculiar pleasure to compare the two works. M. Jusserand divides his treatment into three parts, namely, "From the Origins to the Renaissance," "From the Renaissance to Pope," "From Pope to the Present Time." These parts will be published separately, the first appearing next autumn.

—Mr. Edgar Stanton Maclay, the author of "History of the Navy," is a son of a well-known missionary in China and Japan, now President of the Maclay Theological Seminary at Los Angeles, Cal. Mr. Maclay graduated from Syracuse University in 1885, obtained a post-graduate degree, devoted himself to the study of American history, and spent considerable time in France and England pursuing his studies and gathering information for his "History of the Navy."

—By a recent arrangement between the Governments of Prussia, Saxony, Bavaria, and Austria, the prosecution of the long-contemplated "Thesaurus Linguæ Latinæ" is now assured. The Commission is composed of professors from the Universities of Berlin, Göttingen, Leipsic, Munich, and Vienna. They are to assemble every year at Whitsuntide by turns in the cities above mentioned. It is thought that this great work will not be completed for twenty years, and will cost $150,000.

—Quickly following the death of his friend, the Hon. Roden Noel, comes the news of the sudden passing from earth of Mr. Walter Pater. Thus within a twelvemonth all the members of that famous Oxford trio have died. While the death of Mr. Symonds was perhaps not as unexpected as were those of the other two, it was sufficiently sudden to mark the coincidences of time and manner which will now always be associated with the trio of friends. Mr. Pater's fame will be linked with his "Marius," his "Plato," and his "Imaginary Portraits," and that fame will be enduring.

—Fritz Reuter's widow, who has just died, has bequeathed to the German "Schiller-Verein" their beautiful villa on the Reuterweg lying at the foot of the Wartburg hill just outside of Eisenach. The house itself is, as Herman Grimm called it, "the true picture of a genuine Roman villa." In 1851 Fritz Reuter and Luise Kunze were married. He was a poverty-stricken school-teacher and she was a penniless governess. But not long after came the glorious days of the "Stromtid" and the "Franzosentid." Though they had no children, their married life was a wonderfully ideal one, and in his "Urgeschicht' von Meckelnborg" Reuter immortalized it and his Luise. Long ago he wrote this epitaph for her:

Sie hat im Leben Liebe gesäet,
Sie soll im Tode Liebe ernten.

—A late number of the London "Literary World" contains this pleasant description of Mr. George Meredith:

The most interesting figure at the marriage of Miss Violet Maxse to Lord Salisbury's fourth son was not that *grand seigneur*, the tall, burly, cynical, but kindly faced Marquis, who had in July, 1888, the pride of being Prime Minister on the tercentenary of the repulse of the Spanish Armada by a government of which his great ancestor, Lord Burleigh, was head. Though the Cecils are "on the top" now as they were in "the spacious times of great Elizabeth," the cynosure of all eyes in the church was the slight figure of an old gentleman who was in such delicate health that he required an arm to help him up the aisle—George Meredith. George Meredith looks his part. Genius and distinction are written on his beautiful, intellectual head, in his almost inspired expression. A man of medium height, he has a thin, delicate figure; a large, noble head, crowned with luxuriant white hair; a short, crisp, well-shaped white beard, peaking out like Lord Spencer's; soft, blue-gray eyes, and a slightly *retroussé* nose. Though a Home Ruler and a democrat, his manner and voice are decidedly aristocratic. His is exactly the personality one would have chosen for the writer of such masterpieces as "Richard Feverel" and "Diana of the Crossways."

—A London writer in the Chicago "Times" asked Mr. Zangwill whether he was a writer of comedy or of tragedy. The author's characteristic reply was as follows:

Is not that a little unfair to any Zangwill Society which may be started after my death? You would leave them nothing to discuss. But, anyway, I object to being labeled. The other day I was asked to write another Jewish story. I replied that I would not be shut up in the Ghetto. It seems to me that we in England specialize too much. On the Continent a man may be good all round. Victor Hugo, Goethe, Wagner—with whom I don't mean to compare myself for an instant—none of them confined themselves to a single medium. I have many things to say, and I prefer to cast each in the form to which it is best suited. For example, I told you I am fond of psychology. Now, in my opinion, philosophy has suffered because philosophers, as a rule, have cultivated neither literature nor humor. I believe that any system of philosophy could be put into twenty brightly written pages, if one had the gift of literature, and I should like to make the attempt. Then, again, I have a volume of poems coming out shortly. I have had excellent offers to deliver a lecture in various parts of the country. At the present moment I am seriously thinking of the drama, as more than one manager has asked me for a play. And don't be surprised if you shortly see my name appended to the libretto of a comic opera. So you see it is rather hard to label me at present.

[For list of Books Received see page 233]

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Wanted—A Piano

Not a very crying want, perhaps you think, particularly in these hot, hard times, when men, women, and babies are suffering for fresh air, medicines, and even bread. Nevertheless, it *is* a crying want, and, unless The Outlook is very much mistaken, you will, when you have heard about it, get out your loose change or your check-book, and help buy the piano.

Well, then, this is the story. There is at Englewood, New Jersey, a Home and Hospital for crippled children, called "Daisy Fields." It has been very modestly and quietly established by some of the ladies of the pretty suburban town. What "Daisy Fields" tries to do, and, better yet, does do, cannot be told more graphically than in the language of the First Annual Report (for the Hospital is only a year old).

The Home, at present, accommodates twelve patients, boys and girls, between four and ten years of age, varying in degrees of helplessness from those lying in portable beds to those able to go about on crutches, in braces or plaster jackets. Crippled children needing the best care and attention come from all parts of the country to the Orthopædic Ward of the Post-Graduate Hospital in Twentieth Street, New York. The tenement districts of the city furnish many. When the children have been operated upon, and have remained in the Hospital for weeks and months, a change is almost essential to save their lives. Moreover, their places in the Hospital must be relinquished to others. Those who have homes return to them, frequently to be neglected or abused. Those whose parents have abandoned them—and these are very numerous—are sent to Randall's Island.

There is no Home in the vicinity of New York, and we have been told that there is none anywhere, where a child who has been operated upon and left too infirm to help himself can be received and given scientific treatment during the long stage of convalescence, to keep him from falling back into a condition that precludes recovery. To endeavor to fill this want the "Daisy Fields Home" has been established.

The helplessness of the crippled child is hard to understand, except after a close examination of his physical condition and of the rigid irons which incase him, which attention few will give. His legs are passed through iron rings that are joined to stiff iron supports on one or both sides, bound around the body at the waist and again at the shoulder. In this cold metal frame the child is literally locked.

A being so manacled can do little for himself, and must be carried and lifted all day, from table to chair, from chair to piazza, from outdoors to indoors, from downstairs to upstairs, till night comes, and he is laid in his crib to sleep in the arms of his iron brace, as closely held as ever. A fall is no trifle to him, as the jar may cause a severe bruise wherever the irons press his bony little body. Others have abscesses that need daily to be carefully and scientifically dressed, and at times there follows the surgeon's knife again, and another long confinement in bed.

The plaster jackets cut and irritate the flesh into worrying sores unless watched closely and refitted as soon as this source of pain is threatened. The crutch, brace, high wooden shoe, and other artificial appliances become aggravating and injurious unless the growth of the child is constantly watched and accidents carefully guarded against. The dressing and undressing must often be performed by two nurses in order to change the braces, cleanse the body, and get the child into its night or morning dress. Two or three patients are often confined to their beds at the same time, lying by for repairs to their braces or jackets, or with an illness that overtakes them suddenly. At these times they must have extra attention by night and day.

You are beginning to wonder, without doubt, what a piano has to do with all this. It has a good deal to do with it, and if you will have patience, we think you will see its connection.

In many stages of the crippled life the child cannot put on or tie his clothing, fasten a shoe, brush his hair, attend to his toilet, or even feed himself; for he must always hold on to that crutch for dear life. If it fails him, another fall means a surgical operation, and a long confinement on his bed, with heavy weights attached to him for weeks, and perhaps months, as a penalty for his inattention. He cannot go to school. In his helpless condition, the jostling of the boys would endanger his very life.

We have shown that little amusement or occupation is possible for him. Is not the kindergarten left for the crippled child?

At last we have reached the piano. They have at "Daisy Fields" what The Outlook believes to be the most touching kindergarten in the country. Not many afternoons ago the writer saw these ten crippled boys and girls at their kindergarten plays and exercises. They can't sit down as well children do. They lie down at the kindergarten table on a low, cushioned bench, the width of which is equal to the length of their little bodies. They sing, they work, and they even march around the room, their crutches thumping on the floor in time to the sound of their own voices. A trained kindergarten teacher is in charge of them, and a piano would help her, no one knows how much; moreover, it would add a zest and pleasure and gayety to these little cripples that people who have whole hips and two legs and sound feet can't possibly imagine.

The Outlook would like to tell about the trained nurse who is in charge of the Hospital; about the perfectly appointed little dormitory, with its neat iron bedsteads; about the bath-rooms, and the surgical room where the wounds and twisted limbs are dressed; it would like to point out that the Home is entirely unsectarian, and that Roman Catholic and Protestant children share its benefits, and that Roman Catholic and Protestant women do its work, side by side; that a well-known New York surgeon makes regular visits to the Hospital, so that the little patients have the best and most scientific care; that it depends entirely upon voluntary contributions for its support, and that money for it is always welcome—but that is another story. What The Outlook hopes its readers will now do is to provide those patient little cripples with a piano. Such provision has been made that only one hundred dollars is lacking. If we should receive, as we expect to, a hundred dollars in response to this story, those children will have their piano before another month goes by. Money may be sent to, and will be acknowledged by, The Outlook Company. By the way, it will not be a serious matter if more than $100 comes in. "Daisy Fields" can use the surplus easily.

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Correspondence

Strikes and their Remedies

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In your issue of July 21 you offer some "Suggestions of Remedy" for railroad strikes which are deserving of careful consideration. Permit me to say a few words on the subject. First let us correct an error into which you have not unnaturally fallen. You state that your article assumes "that a railroad is not private property—that it is a public highway, and that the corporation in operating it is a public servant administering a public trust and subject to public control." But because a railroad is a public highway it does not necessarily follow that it is not private property. The question is one of use, not of ownership. Almost all country roads, although public highways, are nevertheless private property, the owners of the adjoining land holding the title up to the center line. If the public use is abandoned and the road closed, the land may be fenced in by the owners. Roads are public highways because the public has a right to use them.

Although the courts have affirmed that railroads are public highways, they have at the same time constantly recognized the fact that they are private property. They are created for public use by the permission of the State. The State gives certain franchises and rights to a railroad corporation, and permits the road when built to be controlled and managed by the corporation. A railroad can be constructed only by use of the right of eminent domain, which belongs to the sovereign and cannot be conferred except for a public use.

The use of the private property of railroads by the corporations which own them is subject to regulation by the sovereign power. In some degree this is true of all private property. In a very large degree it is true of railroads. The sovereign power is the State—not the Federal Government. The State Governments and the General Government have asserted very wide powers in regulating railroads. The power of the Federal Government comes from its constitutional right to regulate inter-State commerce. The Supreme Court of the United States has lately held that the power of a State over rates of freight cannot be exercised in a manner to be destructive of the property of the corporation. In other words, the rates allowed by any Railroad Commission must be fair and reasonable, so as to pay an interest upon the investment. When we see the acts passed by some legislatures, and the decisions of some of the State courts, it is natural that we should forget that railroads are private property; but, nevertheless, that fact is fundamental. The railroads in the United States have been built with private money. They have cost a great deal more than they are worth. Immense sums have been lost in their construction. But, although they are subject in a large degree to legislative regulation, they are not yet public property.

Now let us come to your suggestions.

You propose, in the first place, that the trainmen in relation to their trains should be placed in positions similar to that of seamen to a ship, and that they should not be able to leave their employment without giving some legal, definite notice, and should be liable to arrest if they did so to the detriment of the public. This is not a new suggestion. Some railroads, if the writer is not greatly mistaken, obtain written agreements from their employees as to notice, but such agreements are of little practical value. The suggestion that any man violating such an agreement should be subject to arrest is a very excellent one, but it would be impossible to get any legislature to pass such a law. The average legislator would think that he would incur the hostility of the labor unions by voting for such a proposition. Of course this does not affect the merit of your suggestion, but we want something practical.

Your second suggestion is that complaints against any railroad corporation by its men should be submitted to arbitration. Several objections occur. It is scarcely possible to get a board of arbitration which would not favor the employees. Every one seems to fear the labor organizations. Then, again, it is impossible to enforce the order of a board of arbitration against the men. You cannot compel them to work. Such arbitration is necessarily one-sided. The chief objection, however, it seems to me, lies in the fact that if you take away from a railroad company the absolute and unrestricted power to choose its employees and to engage and discharge them at pleasure, you give up the right of the public to hold the railroad responsible for damages. It is an old principle of law that an employer is liable for the acts of his employees in the course of their employment, and under this principle we hold the railroads to a very strict money responsibility for all injury to person and property. But this obligation rests entirely upon the unqualified right of the employer to select his employees. The principle is fundamental. It is founded not only upon constitutional law, but also on the plainest principles of justice between man and man.

Pardon me if I cannot help reading with some sur-

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prise your statement that if the court decided against the men they could still abandon their employment, but that if the court decided against the road the managers would be required to accept the decision or surrender to a receiver. In other words, the decision in such an arbitration would be enforced if it were in favor of the men, but would not be enforced if it were against them. To some persons this would appear to constitute an inherent objection. What good would be obtained by turning the road over to a receiver, who is simply an officer of the court, and putting the responsibility upon the court to run the road when it is perfectly solvent, is not evident. A receiver is simply a new manager, and very frequently he is the old manager with a new title and more arbitrary powers.

I am inclined to think that the interposition of Federal troops has done more to prevent the repetition of such scenes as we have lately witnessed at Chicago than anything else can ever do. A new element has come in. Unless I am greatly mistaken, it will be long before we see another railroad strike.

HERBERT B. TURNER.

See editorial comment elsewhere.—THE EDITORS.

Face the Issue!

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Judge Grosscup's charge to the jury which indicted Debs and his associates is certainly an utterance worthy the careful consideration of the people of this Nation at this time. One sentence in it, however, suggests to me a possible reason for the unrest and dissatisfaction of labor organizations. He says: "To the mind of the American people, to the calm, dispassionate, sympathetic judgment of a race that is not afraid to face deep changes and responsibilities, there has yet been no appeal. Men who appear as the champions of great changes must first submit them to discussion—discussion that reaches not simply the parties interested, but the wider circles of society."

The people who, by reason of their birth and education, should have been the leaders of political reform in this country, seem to be utterly oblivious to the fact that the questions of finance and taxation which have been under discussion for the last twenty years are the fundamental questions whose settlement must underlie the solution of the surface questions of work and wages.

"To the mind of the American people there has been no appeal." Not so. Rather, the American people are becoming impatient because those who are in authority will not heed the appeals which have been made. The only appeal which seems to attract the attention of men of wealth, men of political and social power, "the wider circles of society," seems to be the unreasoning appeal of a "Coxey army" or a costly "strike."

"I will destroy the wisdom of the wise,
And the prudence of the prudent will I reject."

"Not many wise after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called, but God hath chosen the foolish things of the world that he might put to shame them that are wise. . . . And the base things of the world, and the things that are despised, did God choose, yea, and the things that are not, that he might bring to nought the things that are."

The American people are "not afraid to face deep changes," but the American politician and the American millionaire are not noted for courage in facing an issue when the people demand a change.

A. M.

Oxygen and Ozone

To the Editors of The Outlook:

You have a select company of readers who save their Outlooks in summer for Sunday afternoons on the piazzas; and between guesses whether a certain sail hull-down is that of a yacht or a coal-schooner, they like once a year, and I suppose much oftener, to "lend a hand" in the way of giving other people a sniff of oxygen almost as good as their own, and of ozone also, if anybody knows what that is.

I had the pleasure, therefore, of writing to you last year a letter which you have forgotten, but they have not, neither have a dozen other good people in this world, or in the larger world, who saw the results of that letter on the concrete side. I think of one lady among your readers, in particular, who happened to have put a dividend check into the scrap-jar, and was roused by her Outlook to recollect that there was a more acceptable destination for it. I dare not say how many afternoon rides for kindergarten children that check started.

So, for the benefit of a few people whom I can name, and these piazza people of yours whom I cannot name so well, I am going to copy for you a few staff letters from the working office of "Lend a Hand," as they lie before me. Please to observe that, though ministers of the Gospel may go to unknown places on the seashore, the Church never leaves its place of work, and that somebody is at headquarters.

Here is "S. L.'s" note, for instance:

My dear Chief:

Can I keep A. Q. at the Cape longer? It costs five dollars a week. [This boy has had an operation performed on him for hip-disease, with great success.—E. E. H.] The Cape Cod air is doing wonders for him. When he first went down he could only be up half a day, and could walk only a short distance without being tired. Now he is up and dressed for all day, and is on his feet or his crutches constantly, and does not seem in the least tired when night comes.

"M." writes:

You have not given directions about X. Y. He is the colored waiter who is recruiting from the operation which was performed on his leg. I have a place for him, I think, if we can pay his board.

Do you know, we can have a large furnished house on the seacoast of Maine, free of rent, for our outings, if only we can handle it. But I am afraid this comes too late for this summer. [Alas, I know it does!—E. E. H.]

And here is this letter from "C. W.:"

I have just been talking with the visiting missionary of St. Aloysius's parish about a man and his wife who never ask for charity. He is a brass-worker, naturally delicate; more so as his work is a slow poison. [Think of that for us who love bronzes!] His wife is a delicate woman, the mother of six children, the last a baby of six weeks. The wee woman has never been well since her baby was born, and two weeks of country air and good Mrs. Phillips's nourishing food would recreate her and the frail baby, and give her strength for the winter. The husband, who is an industrious man, has a month's vacation without pay. If only he could care for the children two weeks and let the little mother grow strong, and then for two weeks take his turn in the country air, what a changed family it would be! All this would cost but $14 and car-fares.

And this moment comes an appeal for a boy sixteen years old. He is just through with a second operation on one foot. His physician says: "He has to undergo another, and if he could have an outing for two or three weeks it would put him in better condition to react. His mother cannot give him the food he needs."

And the almost blind cobbler and his wife—alone in the world and all in all to each other! They are very poor, and ought he not to have one more glimpse of the country before it is shut out from him forever?

Now, do not let me show this side of things without the other. By the same mail comes a letter from Mr. Stewart at his improvised home at Revere. [If only Boothbay had turned up as soon!]

About the middle of June, a lady came to my house and offered me a large house in Revere, free of rent, for a boys' summer home. So I have moved, and the furniture-dealers assisted me some in fitting up. We are having as many boys and girls down each week as we can accommodate.

I have thought of your plan of making the boys work, so I try to arrange something for them to do every day, and when a boy gets tired send him to Boston and take another. I have a typewriter, cobbling-bench, and a carpenter's bench, and they take great delight in making boats and mending their shoes. The trouble is to get them to go home; they want to stay all summer.

Here it is—yes and no. Ozone for these boys; no ozone as yet for the bronze man and the blind cobbler. Ozone for one month for the hip-diseased boy, and the hope of it for two.

We do not forget, in the office, how the piazza readers of The Outlook sent us last year exactly the sum of money we wanted for one such exigency, and we do not doubt that there are just as many, for the same service, ready to render it In His Name.

EDWARD E. HALE.

On the Piazza, Matunuck, R. I.

Palestine Exploration

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Under the firman permitting excavations to be made at Jerusalem for two years, Mr. F. J. Bliss has gone vigorously to work to follow the rock-cuttings from Mount Zion eastward in order to lay bare the fortifications of David's day and earlier, and to solve problems in regard to the structures of the kings. At once the ground yields coins, pottery, and worked stones more rapidly than Mr. Bliss can study them. As he is following strongly marked lines, there will be little or no unproductive labor. After giving an account of his first two weeks in the quarterly statement for July of the Palestine Exploration Fund, he appeals for pecuniary support to England and America. A considerable increase in the number of our subscribers would seem to be warranted by the work now in hand.

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About People

—Mr. Franklin MacVeagh, of Chicago, who has received the Democratic nomination in caucus for the United States Senatorship from Illinois, is a brother of our present Ambassador to Italy.

—The latest accession to the world's list of monarchs is Baron Harden Hickey, formerly a French journalist, who, having bought the island of Trinidad, has inaugurated a military dictatorship, and has actually crowned himself as James I.

—Karl Plough, the eminent Danish poet and journalist, who celebrated his eightieth birthday recently, is regarded by many as the embodiment of "the Scandinavian idea." From 1848 to 1890 Plough was a member of the Rigsdag. He was one of the framers of the original Constitution.

—Professor Caird, who has become the new Master of Balliol College, Oxford, will have as his successor in the chair of Moral Philosophy, at the University of Glasgow, Mr. Henry Jones, who has hitherto been Professor of Logic in the University of St. Andrews. Professor Jones is a Welshman, and is only forty-one years of age.

—On July 23 that eminent historian of philosophy, Professor Kuno Fischer, of Heidelberg, celebrated his seventieth birthday, and the university students, among whom he is very popular, organized a monster torchlight procession, followed by a grand "Commers" in honor of the event. No other Professor in Germany is so eloquent as Kuno Fischer, and his lectures are constantly interrupted by enthusiastic applause.

—In these hard times for most of the world, Mascagni is consoling himself with the thought that his profits on "Cavalleria Rusticana" amount to almost a hundred thousand dollars, while Verga, the author of "I Maglivoglia," and whose work inspired the libretto for Mascagni's "Cavalleria," has received nearly fifty thousand dollars in royalties. Thus the Italians are not all bankrupt.

—Queenwood College, Hampshire, England, proudly recalls the fact that in his youth the late Professor Tyndall was once a master there. The educational staff greatly fancied a capital tap of home-brewed ale at the village inn. Years passed, but when the famous Professor returned to view the scenes of his early days, he did not forget to call on the innkeeper for a glass of the old brew. After a long draught, he remarked, "Simpkinson, I have never had any beer like yours since I went away." "No, sir," replied the gratified Simpkinson; "nowadays they put too much science into beer 'stead o' malt an' hops."

—The "Souvenirs" of the Prince de Joinville, the sailor son of Louis Philippe, are attracting attention not only in France but also in this country, for it is not forgotten that in 1862, with his nephews, the Comte de Paris and the Duc de Chartres, the Prince joined the Union Army under McClellan. The author's clear judgment is well known, and in his book the conclusions are not always in favor of his royal father's rule. The Prince is now seventy-five years old. From an early age he was destined for the navy, and soon distinguished himself in the service. In 1840 he was commissioned with his frigate, "La Belle Poule," to bring Napoleon's remains from St. Helena to France. Three years later he married, at Rio de Janeiro, the sister of the late Dom Pedro II.

—The new Japanese Minister to the United States, Mr. Kentaso Kaneko, succeeding the late popular representative, Mr. Gozo Tateno, is a man of much distinction in his own country. Though only forty-two years old, he has acquired great fame as a parliamentarian, having visited the leading countries of the world to make a study of their governments, and having upon them framed the Japanese Code of Parliamentary Practice which governs their Senate and House. Since the termination of this important work he has been General Secretary of the Imperial House of Peers (*i. e.*, the Senate), and also Vice-Minister of Agriculture and Commerce. It is a satisfaction to Americans to know that Mr. Kaneko is a graduate of the Harvard Law School.

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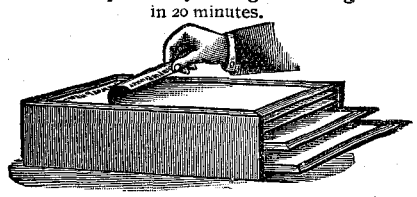

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The Anti-Lottery Bill

From a Special Correspondent

After many tedious preliminaries, the Hoar bill for the suppression of the lottery traffic, which passed the United States Senate last May, has reached a stage in the House of Representatives where it gives fair promise of becoming a law. The Judiciary Committee of the House, which had it in charge, was very slow in disposing of it. It was referred to a sub-committee of three members, one of whom was detained at home for several weeks by illness in his family, while another was hostile to the bill on technical grounds. The result was that the sub-committee let a long period elapse without a meeting. At last the bill was turned over to Mr. Broderick, of Kansas, who was friendly to its purposes. He made a careful examination of its provisions, satisfied himself that it was not repugnant to any principle of the Federal Constitution, and reported it back to the full Committee, which in turn reported it favorably to the House on his recommendation. Only three of the seventeen members of the Committee—Messrs. Culberson and Bailey, of Texas, and Boatner, of Louisiana—voted against reporting it, and the proportion of opposition in the Committee is probably considerably larger than that which will appear in the House itself. Although the three opponents in Committee are all Democrats, and Mr. Broderick is a Republican, party lines are not drawn on the support of the bill. The trio named base their objection upon constitutional grounds altogether, belonging to the "strict constructionist" wing of their party; whereas, on the other hand, two of the most loyal supporters of the bill in the Committee are Democrats—Mr. DeArmond, of Missouri, and Mr. Terry, of Arkansas.

The next question which confronts the friends of the bill is when and how to get it before the House. The Judiciary Committee has consumed a good deal of time lately, and there is an etiquette about such matters in Congress which would require this Committee to make way for any other important committee which had enjoyed fewer privileges and which still had some pressing measure to present. The Committee on Rules has been asked to fix one more day for the House to consider business reported by the Judiciary Committee, and will doubtless endeavor to do so. If a day be fixed, there may be a struggle in the Committee as to the order in which two or three of its perfected bills shall be called up. In case the friends of the Anti-Lottery Bill on the Committee can induce their colleagues to give that measure the right of way, the chances are that it will go through with very little opposition. The three committeemen who object to it, at any rate, disavow all purpose of technical obstruction, being content to set forth the arguments which have convinced them of its unconstitutionality, and thus place their views formally on record. In the House at large no organized hostility has manifested itself thus far, and very few criticisms, even of the milder sort, are heard.

But the Committee has on its docket one bill whose author is desirous of bringing it before the House for its effect on the fall electioneering in parts of the West and Southwest. It provides for the discharge of contract debts in any form of currency which Congress may have made legal tender, irrespective of the conditions under which the contracts were made. Its effect will be to rake up all the financial and moral issues involved in the greenback and silver controversies of past years. Every anti-greenback and anti-silver member on the floor will array himself against it, and will join in an effort to talk it to death. There is little hope, therefore, that any other business reported from the Judiciary Committee will get a hearing in the House if the legal tender bill is pushed to the front for politics' sake.

On this contingency hangs the fate of the Anti-Lottery Bill for the present session, assuming that Congress is to settle its tariff quarrel speedily and adjourn. Mr. Broderick seems to be thoroughly in earnest in trying to push it to passage, and all the Representatives from Kansas, Missouri, and one or two other States where the lotteries are now making dangerous inroads are in receipt of letters daily from their more intelligent constituents urging them to do all they can to suppress the evil. If the bill does not get through this session, it undoubtedly will next winter; but in the meantime there is always danger of the revival of the powerful lobby which made so successful a fight against all reform legislation in this field for a number of years. Thus far the lobby, if it has been doing any work at all, has kept well under cover; but it may come out and make itself felt if the bill is forced to go over the recess. The short session is the lobby's opportunity, for business is hurried then, members are too impatient to draw nice distinctions, and log-rolling becomes the order of the day. If the tariff deadlock should result in holding Congress in Washington for another month, the friends of the bill must try to do some sturdy work for it by personal and direct appeals to all the members whom they can hope to influence.

Washington, D. C.

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The Business World

The World's Sugar Production and Consumption

In connection with the tariff discussion now in progress in Congress, it is worth while looking at estimates of the sugar crops of the world, and a table of the per capita consumption of sugar in various countries, such as are these statements from the "American Grocer." It is of special interest to note just what countries grow sugar, and the proportions of their respective productions. For 1893–4 the estimates are, in tons:

United States (beets, 20,000)	295,000
Canada (beets)	300
Spanish West Indies—	
Cuba	1,050,000
Porto Rico	60,000
British West Indies—	
Trinidad	55,000
Barbados	63,000
Jamaica	30,000
Antigua and St. Kitts	25,000
French West Indies—	
Martinique	37,000
Guadeloupe	40,000
Danish West Indies—St. Croix	12,000
Hayti and San Domingo	32,000
Lesser Antilles, not named above	8,000
Mexico	2,000
Central America—	
San Salvador	500
Nicaragua	500
British Honduras (Belize)	200
South America—	
British Guiana (Demerara)	120,000
Dutch Guiana (Surinam)	4,000
French Guiana	.....
Venezuela	.....
Peru	65,000
Argentine Republic	40,000
Brazil	250,000
Total in America	2,189,500
Asia—	
British India (exports)	50,000
Siam	7,000
Java	500,000
Japan (consumption 125,000 tons, mostly imported)	.....
Philippine Islands	200,000
Cochin China	30,000
Total in Asia	787,000
Australia and Polynesia—	
Queensland	80,000
New South Wales	35,000
Hawaiian Islands	140,000
Fiji Islands	10,000
Total in Australia and Polynesia	265,000
Africa—	
Egypt	62,000
Mauritius and other British possessions	125,000
Réunion and other French possessions	37,000
Total in Africa	224,000
Europe—Spain	20,000
Total cane-sugar production	3,485,500
Total beet-sugar production	3,861,000
Grand total cane and beet sugar production	7,346,500
Estimated increase in the world's production	788,171

The per capita consumption has been as follows:

Countries.	Population, 1891.	Consumption, 1890–91—Lbs.
England	38,600,000	78½
United States	63,000,000	59½
Denmark	2,300,000	41
Switzerland	2,950,000	33
France	39,100,000	29
Holland	4,550,000	27½
Sweden and Norway	6,780,000	20
Germany	46,600,000	22½
Belgium	6,150,000	21½
Austria	42,750,000	15
Portugal	4,730,000	13½
Russia	95,870,000	10
Spain	17,400,000	9½

Our population has now risen, however, according to the estimates of the Treasury actuary, to about 68,400,000, and the per capita consumption in the United States has increased to 63½ pounds. At an average price of five cents a pound for refined we find what to many will be a surprising fact—namely, that the total cost of sugar consumed in this country is not far from what our people pay for their wheat. Sugar has indeed become a necessity.

The Market

Last week's financial and commercial market was emphatically a waiting one—waiting to see what the newest legislative barter at Washington might accomplish. The reported damage to the corn crop by adverse climatic influences affected the prices for Granger railway securities somewhat. Wheat and corn quotations, however, have been very visibly affected. On Monday of last week the lowest prices for both were reached, but by Thursday a substantial advance in corn had been attained—namely, from 43¾ to 50 cents in Chicago, and from 49¼ to 55 cents in New York. Money on call continues to loan at 1 per cent. Rates for time loans are quoted at 1 per cent. for thirty days to 3 per cent. for six months. Commercial paper is in better supply. Rates are 3 per cent. for sixty to ninety day indorsed bills receivable and 4 per cent. for the best four to six months' names. The market for foreign exchange closed at $4.88 for sixty-day and $4.89 for sight drafts. Over $3,000,000 gold was shipped abroad, making the total net export of gold since January 1 not quite $72,500,000. The New York City bank statement for last week showed a slight increase in loans, but a decrease of nearly three and a half millions in cash resources and of nearly two and a half in deposits. There was a reduction to $69,000,000 in the reserve held by the banks in excess of legal requirements.

The Whisky Trust

Even the Whisky Trust has its uses, since it has so largely increased the revenues of the United States Treasury that now the income exceeds the expenditure, and the diminution of the gold reserve to close on $50,000,000 actually becomes a minor matter. Thanks to the money paid in for taking whisky out of bond, the Treasury's July's total receipts were over $35,000,000—the largest of any month since January, 1893. A further addition to the receipts and from the same source is not unlikely to happen. As against nearly $65,000,000 on July 1, the net gold in the Treasury on August 1 was less than $55,000,000. As against $51,000,000 on July 1, the net silver was $59,000,000 on August 1; and as compared with nearly $53,000,000 a month ago, the Treasury's net cash balance on August 1 was over $64,000,000. The per capita circulation has decreased almost hand in hand with the decline in the Treasury's gold reserve, and now stands at $24.19.

An Ammonia Motor for Street-Car Propulsion

The general principle of an ammonia motor is that of charging a reservoir (which is surrounded by a tank filled with hot water) with dry ammonia gas under pressure. The gas passes into the cylinder from the reservoir, when it acts on the piston just as steam would. From the cylinder the exhaust is conveyed into the water-tank, where the ammonia is condensed. It is claimed that it can afterwards be recovered with little loss. A trial of this motor for street car propulsion was recently made in New York City. About one-half of the car's space was occupied by the motor. The reservoir was charged until the pressure became a hundred and fifty pounds, and the car was run a mile before the pressure declined to a hundred pounds. If ammonia could only be made cheap enough, such a system might be applied, for it has the immense advantage that any separate motor possesses over cable or electric roads, where some failure at the power-house may tie up the entire concern.

Cotton

On account of its vast extent and favorable conditions, Texas naturally produces more cotton than any other State, a production greater than that of India or Egypt. Next in acreage come Georgia, Mississippi, Alabama, South Carolina, Arkansas, Louisiana, and North Carolina. Their increase in acreage over last year is reported to be about 2 per cent. Though Texas produces so much cotton, yet the other States produce more in proportion to their acreage. Estimates of this year's entire crop range in the neighborhood of 8,000,000 bales. We are by far the largest producers of cotton, but we manufacture only about a quarter of the world's crop. Great Britain manufactures one-third; and then, after the United States, follow Germany, Russia, France, India, Austria-Hungary, Italy, and Spain.

Petroleum in Sumatra

Concerning the deposits of petroleum discovered a few years since along the Malacca Straits and in the province of Lanhkat in the northern part of the island of Sumatra, we read: "Concessions have been granted by the Dutch-Indian Government to both Dutch and English capitalists, but at present only the Dutchmen have worked their concessions. The area of the lands conceded amounts to 828 square kilometers (318 square miles), and it is believed that this portion of the island is very rich in petroleum. The wells are put down very near to the coast, so that the expense of carriage and shipment is not heavy, and as the quality of the oil is very good, it is thought Sumatra may before very long enter into serious competition with Russia and America, the more so as this portion of the coast possesses a deep and well-sheltered harbor."

An Anti-Forgery Company

The leading bankers of Chicago have just formed an anti-forgery company, by which they hope to make it impossible to "raise" the amount of drafts without detection. Letters of advice are done away with, as by the new plan the drafts "advise" themselves through a system of keys and ciphers. For instance, a banker, in issuing a draft on some correspondent, enters near his signature a certain number given in the key. There can be no chance of deception if the number is correct, for each correspondent has a separate key of advice-numbers which may not be duplicated nor exchanged, while each bank has a key and system of its own.

Diamonds

As chairman of the DeBeers Diamond Company Mr. Cecil Rhodes, the maker of the new South African empire, remarked recently that the depression in America caused the falling off in the company's trade, as we "took one-third of the total production." The DeBeers shareholders have received about twenty-five per cent. annual profit during the past five years. The company's capital is said to approach forty million dollars. It is a satisfaction to know that its management is not on a level with most of the concerns formed to promote gold-mining in South Africa, one swindling company alone whipping twenty-seven million dollars out of English stockholders.

London Streets

The proposed law in London that any new edifice shall have its front not less than twenty feet from the middle of the street has brought forth the fact that the capital has thirty-two miles of street less than forty feet broad, and should the new plan be applied in reconstructing these streets there would be a sacrifice of forty million dollars' worth of property.

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July Necrology

July 1.—Baron Alexander von Baumbach. Born 1813. Commissioner from Kur-Hesse to the North German Parliament and negotiator of the amalgamation of his country with Prussia.

July 3.—Ladislaus Prince Czartorisky. Duke of Klewan. Born 1828 in Warsaw. Member of the Austrian Reichsrath and of the Hungarian House of Magnates. The "uncrowned King" of Poland.

July 4.—Dr. Friedrich August Dillmann. Born 1823. Professor of Old Testament Exegesis in the University of Berlin, and especially famous as the reawakener of interest in the study of Ethiopic.

July 5.—The Rt. Hon. Sir Austin Henry Layard. Born 1817. Eminent Assyrian explorer. Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs 1852 and 1861–66. Ambassador to Spain 1869, and to Turkey 1877–80.

July 5.—Barbara Elisabeth Glück (Betty Paoli). Born 1815. German novelist and lyric poet.

July 7.—Marcus Claiborne Lisle. Born 1862. Representative from Kentucky in the Fifty-third Congress.

July 11.—General James B. Fry. Born 1827. In 1861 he became Assistant Adjutant-General of the Army, and in 1863 Provost Marshal-General. Author of several books concerning the Civil War.

July 13.—George R. Graham. Born 1813. Publisher of the "Graham's Magazine" for which Longfellow, Cooper, and Poe wrote.

July 15.—Bruno Piglhein. Born 1848. An eminent painter and crayon artist.

July 17.—Charles Marie René Leconte de Lisle. Born 1818. The leader of a notable school of French poets. Elected a member of the French Academy in 1886.

July 17.—Josef Hyrtl. Born 1811. The most distinguished anatomist ever connected with the University of Vienna, and the well-known benefactor to poor students and to orphans.

July 21.—Frederick F. Low. Born 1828. Governor of California, 1863–64. Afterwards United States Minister to China.

July 23.—Heinrich Brunn. Born 1822. German archæologist.

July 24.—George Montague. Born 1830. President of the Second National Bank, New York City, and Treasurer of many charitable organizations.

July 24.—Rev. Dr. J. B. McCullough. Born 1823. Editor of the Philadelphia "Methodist."

July 25.—Prince Heinrich IV. of Reuss. Born 1821.

July 28.—Charles Stewart, Viscount Hardinge. Born 1822. Late Under-Secretary of State for War.

July 29.—Archduke William. Born 1827. Inspector-General and Master of Ordnance to the Austrian Army.

July 29.—François Clément Maillot. Born 1804. A celebrated Paris physician.

July 30.—Walter Pater. Born 1839. Eminent English essayist and critic. Author of "Marius the Epicurean."

July 30.—Edmond Guillaume. Born 1825. Professor of Architecture at the École des Beaux-Arts, Paris, and architect since 1879 of the new parts of the Louvre and the Tuileries.

—M. Nikolai Yadrintsef, whose sudden death at Barnaul, in the Altai Mountains, is just announced, was a native of Siberia, and his whole life was devoted to the service of that country. It was his early dream to accomplish the separation of Siberia from European Russia, and the establishment of a genuinely popular government in the former country. His great friend and sympathizer was the eminent explorer Potanin, and both men were finally arrested and sent to Archangel in exile. When Yadrintsef was permitted to return to Siberia again, he had so modified his political activity as actually to obtain a position on the staff of Governor-General Kaznakof, and remained there until Kaznakof was replaced. Yadrintsef then went to Petersburg and began his literary career. His Siberian articles in the newspapers quickly became famous, and were followed by many monographs and books on Asiatic Russia. In 1882 he founded the "Eastern Review," a weekly, published first in St. Petersburg and afterwards in Irkutsk. 1891–2 he made important archæological explorations in Mongolia, and in 1893 he visited the Columbian Exhibition.

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